

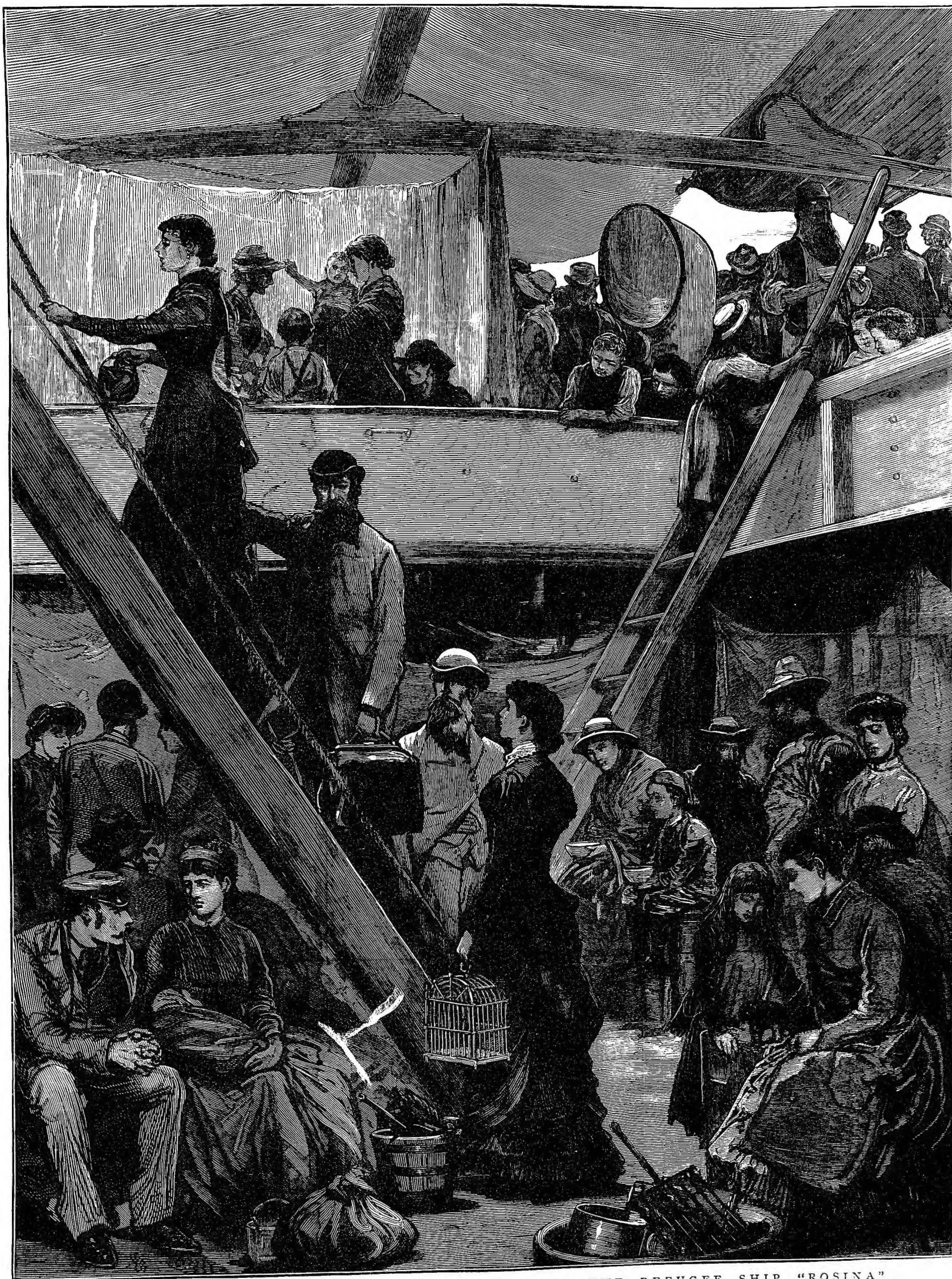
# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1882

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT [ PRICE SIXPENCE  
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



ALEXANDRIA—THE ENGLISH QUARTERS ON BOARD THE REFUGEE SHIP "ROSINA".  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



## Topics of the Week

**THE BOMBARDMENT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.**—The English Government have been severely blamed for ordering the bombardment of the Alexandrian forts without taking adequate measures to prevent subsequent disorder. This is, no doubt, the first criticism that naturally suggests itself; for, if England had landed a powerful force, she would have been able both to save Alexandria and to crush Arabi. As it is, one of the most flourishing towns in the East has been ruined, and Arabi has had time to recover, in some degree, from the effects of his defeat. The critics of English policy, however, would probably have been still more indignant if Mr. Gladstone had taken the course which he is now condemned for not having taken. We should then have been told that England was violating a solemn pledge, her obvious intention being to annex Egypt; and a grave accusation of this kind might have led to results at least as disastrous as those which have actually occurred. It is possible to argue that the bombardment was a mistake, or that it was rendered inevitable by a series of diplomatic blunders; but if we admit that, from whatever cause, it had become necessary, it cannot be fairly said that England did either more or less than her duty in the circumstances. A question of greater practical importance is whether the bombardment is likely in the end to promote our own interests and those of the Egyptians. If there were any truth in the rumour which has been so much talked of in Egypt, to the effect that the influence of Arabi is, after all, to be utilised, we may assert with confidence that no good, but much harm, would come of what has hitherto been done. But if this report be without foundation (and, of course, it is so), there can be little doubt that a wholesome impression will be produced by the recollection of England's prompt and vigorous intervention. When order has been re-established, it will be easier for her than at any previous period to encourage the growth of a true national party without running the risk of being grossly misunderstood.

**MR. BRIGHT'S RESIGNATION.**—Our armed interference in Egypt, say the thick-and-thin apologists of the Government, stands on a much higher moral footing than the high-handed doings of those wicked Jingoists in Afghanistan and Zululand. But is there really much difference between these respective instances? We attacked Shere Ali because we believed that he was about to let the Russians use his dominions as a platform from which they might spring upon India. We attacked Cetewayo because we believed that his "man-slaying machine" hung like a Damocles sword over our Colonies. We attacked Arabi, the successful hero of a domestic revolution, because we believed that his "goings-on" imperilled the security of our short cut to India. In each case the strong attacked the weak, and in each case the blows were given in defence of British interests. Thus, the doers of these deeds being severally tarred with exactly the same brush, it is scarcely surprising that, whatever John Bright himself might think, his friends began to doubt whether, as a member of a Jingoistic Cabinet, he was the right man in the right place. Gradually, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster came to the same conclusion, and when the bombardment of Alexandria was succeeded by pillage, arson, and massacre, involving the certainty on our part of further warlike operations, he definitively resigned office. It would be unjust to blame Mr. Bright for the comparative tardiness of this decision. Men do not easily break with colleagues with whom they are in most respects on harmonious terms. Besides, Mr. Bright doubtless felt that by remaining in the Cabinet he could exercise a wholesome restraining influence on his un-Quakerlike fellow-councillors. Indeed, his influence has been for many months past perceptible in the hesitation and feebleness which the Government has shown towards the perpetrators of outrage in Ireland. Most people believe that this hesitation has prolonged the reign of lawlessness, and has accordingly been distinctly mischievous. It is difficult, therefore, to avoid the conclusion that so long as the world contains persons who can only be restrained from evil-doing by coercion, a man who uncompromisingly holds the doctrine that "force is no remedy" is unfit to be a member of the Government, because sooner or later some crisis will occur in which he must either do wrong to his own conscience or must adopt a line of conduct which, if logically carried out, would end in the dissolution of the Empire, and even of all civilised society. But, on the other hand, Mr. Bright is eminently in his place as an independent, non-official member of the House of Commons, where his voice has always been raised against tyranny and injustice. As a scheme of life, his Quakerism seems to be, in the present condition of the world, impracticable; but there can be no doubt that his unswerving example has gradually made the national conscience tender in matters where it was wont to be callous. To after generations, this feat will perhaps seem John Bright's chief glory.

**MORAL PHILOSOPHY AT OXFORD.**—The death of Mr. Green deprived Oxford, not only of a scholar of noble life and admirable personal influence, but of a professor of Moral Philosophy. Mr. Green was a Hegelian, but not one of the Hegelians who, according to General Skobelev, believe in "holy dynamite" and the gospel of that apostle of mischief O'Donovan Rossa. Mr. Green's philosophy was but a

reasoned Christianity. As for his metaphysics, they were an excellent intellectual gymnastic; for any one who could understand them, could understand anything short of an argument by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett. It is difficult to replace such a teacher, but public opinion naturally chose Mr. Wallace, of Merton, as the successor of Mr. Green. Mr. Wallace is well known as a most successful tutor, a sound scholar, the translator of the "Logic" of Hegel, and the author of books on Epicureanism, and on the life and writings of Kant. It seems, however, that in Clerical Oxford's opinion, moral philosophy is so sacred a topic that it should be entrusted only to a divine. Now Mr. Wallace is not a divine, so a pleasing little "plant," as the criminal classes say, has been sown and watered. It has been suggested that Mr. Fowler, the Professor of Logic, might accept the Moral Philosophy Chair, which would leave the comparatively profane and frivolous topic of Logic open to a humble layman. Every one esteems Mr. Fowler, but he would be the last man to claim for himself any peculiar "divinity," nor does he seem to have by any means acquiesced in this "put-up" thing of Clericalism. Therefore we shall probably see some unheard-of priest made Professor of Moral Philosophy. If the orthodoxy of undergraduates were thus secured, something would be gained, but they will not attend the lectures of a man without philosophical reputation merely because he is a divine.

**FRENCH POLICY IN EGYPT.**—It was to be expected that M. de Freycinet and his colleagues would sooner or later intimate their intention of taking part with England, if necessary, in the task of restoring order in Egypt. Of course, it would be impossible for this country to refuse the aid of France. Although her interests differ from ours not only in degree but in kind, they are interests of great importance; and she would be violating all her most cherished traditions if she did not insist on the right to defend them. At the same time, it is to be hoped that her altered tone does not mean that when the present difficulties have been overcome the former position of England and France in Egypt is to be resumed. Recent events have shown clearly enough what that would lead to. The plain truth is that the system of foreign control gave rise to a vast amount of restless intrigue on the part of France. Whether or not she directly encouraged Arabi, she certainly did not oppose him vigorously; and when the question of the bombardment was raised, she lost no time in ostentatiously parting from us. There is no real antagonism between English and French interests in Egypt; but France is not, apparently, disposed to admit this; at any rate, she acts as if she might at any moment be compelled to treat us as enemies. To restore the Control in its old form would, therefore, be to prepare the way for new difficulties; and we must hope that the English Government will take good care to guard against so obvious a danger. Our true policy is to provide for the security of the Suez Canal, and in other respects to leave the Egyptians as far as possible to manage their own affairs.

**ALEXANDRIA IN RUINS.**—The problem was no doubt exceedingly complicated, and it is easy to be wise after the event; but it certainly does seem as if the Government should have been prepared to land a strong body of troops before attacking Arabi's forts. Thus far, to the understanding of a plain man, our success seems of a most equivocal character. Our artillery has certainly battered down some strongholds; but then our fleet could easily have avoided the Egyptian guns by steaming out of their range. And what a disastrous *per contra* side of the account! These fatal big guns of ours have proximately caused the destruction of a flourishing town, which was called the Liverpool of the East, and which was truly a Liverpool, inasmuch as the bulk of its trade was carried on with England. This trade is, for a time at least, completely paralysed; and, therefore, the British taxpayer may cheerfully reflect that he has expended a quantity of costly powder and shot, and has in return seriously crippled his own commerce. We cannot help thinking that those who are responsible for the bombardment might have foreseen the Devil's Carnival by which it would be followed. Already Alexandria had been deserted (on account of the terror caused by the massacre) by its most wealthy inhabitants. Much of the goods that remained belonged to these absentee. Oriental troops are always prone to plunder; and here there were Oriental troops who were both rebels against their master and demoralised by defeat. They were about to quit a city which was stored with the treasure of the hated and absentee Frank. What more natural than that plunder should begin, and should be accompanied by arson? That there was no carefully-organised scheme in this frenzy of appropriation and destruction is proved by the ease with which handfuls of Europeans defended their premises against superior numbers of assailants, recalling some of the incidents of the Great Indian Mutiny. Since the mischief has been done, our blue-jackets deserve every praise for their efforts to prevent further hurt. Already order is being restored from chaos; and, whatever may happen in other parts of Egypt, it is scarcely probable that Alexandria will hereafter be suffered to escape from the practical control of the Frank.

**THE INNER BROTHERHOOD OF SOCIALISM.**—Political writers in whom thoughtfulness is almost a disease perpetually protest against coercing crime. The process only "drives it in," we are told, and, if you interfere with an Irishman's

privilege of shooting his landlord, why he will go and shoot other people. When the *Freiheit* was prosecuted, we heard all this wisdom about "driving it in." It was said to be a foolish, despotic thing to prevent a man from publishing the praises of indiscriminate massacre and cowardly assassination. Well, the *Freiheit* has managed to appear again, and it certainly does not seem to be chastened and mollified by correction. "The brethren in all towns" are advised to procure accurate information about localities. Good plans or maps should be "prepared." A number are already prepared at Messrs. Stanford's and elsewhere, and the Inner Brotherhood may requisition them. Or, if they do not know a district well, they may drive about for nothing in Forder's luxurious cabs when the Revolution comes. Finding their way by aid of maps to the police-stations and barracks, the Inner Brotherhood will seize on these fortresses of a pampered society. They will also command the town with artillery planted on the heights. Tin guns suitable for this purpose may be requisitioned in toyshops, and peas, the appropriate ammunition, are not scarce. While society is paralysed by these operations, "a house-to-house search by the dregs of the population" is recommended by the Inner Brotherhood. Unluckily it is only in Ireland that people will stand house-to-house visits by the dregs of the population. In England the householder will know how to treat the dregs; that is, as we treat them in Alexandria, much to the indignation of a virtuous press, which whines over robbers, rebels, and rascals generally when they meet the reward of their misdeeds.

**THEN AND NOW.**—It is impossible in these days of warlike rumours, and equally warlike deeds, not to recall the vehement declamation of Mr. Gladstone and his supporters against the Eastern policy of Lord Beaconsfield. That policy was condemned not merely as a doubtful application of the moral law, but as an outrage upon every moral principle that ought to regulate international relations. Scores of times the world was informed that the Liberal party was essentially a party of peace, and that it would never consider acts of war justified by arguments such as those to which Lord Beaconsfield appealed. Yet in little more than two years England bombarded Alexandria and prepares for more extensive military operations with the full approval of the Liberal party, Mr. Gladstone himself being their guide and spokesman. And all this happens without any more imperative reasons than those advanced by Lord Beaconsfield when he despatched ironclads to Constantinople and ordered the invasion of Afghanistan. Indeed, in the opinion of almost all foreign observers, the Tory chief manifested a truer respect for international law than his Liberal successor. The conclusion drawn by some Conservatives is that the wild talk of their opponents at the time of the Midlothian campaign was insincere. If this be uncharitable, it may at least be said that the Liberals were misled by furious passion. They had conceived so bitter a hatred of Lord Beaconsfield that any weapon with which they could strike at him was thought to be good enough for the purpose. Events have restored to them their former clearness of vision, and it must be assumed that they are now a little ashamed of the violence which they once mistook for virtuous indignation.

**THE ELECTRIC LIGHTING BILL.**—It was quite a refreshing spectacle to see the House of Commons last Saturday discussing a subject which was domestic without being exclusively Irish. Electricity, as an illuminant, is now coming practically to the front, and no less than eight Bills, promoted by persons desirous of selling artificial light evolved on this principle, have been promoted during the present Session. Bearing in mind the practical monopoly which has in some instances been conferred on the purveyors of gas and water, the Board of Trade wisely resolved to be beforehand with the electrical light-dealers. So they have brought in a Bill conferring on themselves the power of licensing electric undertakings if the consent of all the local authorities interested has been obtained; or, when this consent is withheld, they may sanction such undertakings by a provisional order, which order, in that case, must afterwards be confirmed by Parliament. That the representatives of both the gas and the electric light companies complained of the Bill is probably a satisfactory proof that the Government have looked after the interests of the public. The gas men complained that the electric lighters were being let in too easily to compete with themselves, but they were reminded that their vested interest consisted, not in lighting, but in lighting with gas. The electric lighters complained that the term of seven years, at the end of which their concerns were liable, under the Bill, to be compulsorily bought up, was too short; that they would be blotted out of existence just as their enterprise was becoming profitable. They demanded a lease of twenty-one, whereupon the Committee split the difference and made it fifteen. There are now before the public a number of electrical companies; each of them, according to their own showing, has got a wonderful lamp; and it may reasonably be hoped that before long one or more electric illuminants may be introduced, steady, of good colour, free from danger, not more costly than gas, and capable of being used in private houses.

**THE EUPHRATES VALLEY RAILWAY.**—This is a scheme which has been for many years before the public; indeed, its antiquity forcibly recalls the fact that the Eastern Hemisphere is far less enterprising than the Western. For the Euphrates Valley Railway was planned and confidently



expected to be constructed at a time when the Far West of North America was only accessible from the settled districts of the East by a toilsome and perilous journey of weeks' in duration. Now, Americans gallop on the iron horse as coolly from New York to San Francisco as Englishmen pass from London to Glasgow, but the Euphrates Valley Railway, a little affair of some seven hundred miles or so, still languishes as a mere theory on paper. Of course, the reason for the difference is that the Americans are not only very enterprising, but that they are masters of the entire country through which the Pacific Railway runs; whereas the projected Euphrates line passes through a semi-civilised region belonging to the Sultan of Turkey. Such being the state of the case, capitalists decline to advance money to make the line (which it is reckoned will cost 10,000,000/.) unless they can get a guarantee from our Government, and the guarantee has hitherto been refused. It is worth considering whether this refusal should be sternly persisted in. Ten millions is not much for a country like England to risk, and there is a fair chance that if once the line were made it would attract population and merchandise, and so would ultimately yield a fair percentage. Lord Derby, we think, exaggerates the terrors of the heat during the summer months. It is surely no hotter at this season than in India, where people travel by rail at all seasons, and where, by means of water-tanks on the roof and "tatties," the heat is rendered by no means unendurable. Anglo-Indians are so fond of rushing home on short furloughs, that they would willingly submit to be grilled in Mesopotamia (if the said grilling should prove unavoidable) for the sake of saving ten days on the journey to and from Bombay. Besides, what with the perpetual danger of Egyptian complications, it would be quite worth while having another alternative route to the East besides the circuitous journey round the Cape.

**TURKEY AND EGYPT.**—The Porte has often adopted a dilatory policy when to impartial observers its duty seemed absolutely unmistakable. It can hardly be blamed, however, for having hesitated when it was invited by the Powers to send troops to Egypt. Probably it never found itself in a more perplexing position. On the one hand, it had much to lose by the continuance of disorder and the probable intervention of Europe; on the other, it could not but see that, if it opposed Arabi, it might be accused by the Mahomedan world of persecuting the faithful in the interests of unbelievers. The Sultan feared also that he would weaken his authority by acting merely as the agent of the Powers. It would have been surprising if, when under the necessity of weighing so many conflicting arguments, the Porte had formed rapidly a decisive judgment. On the whole, it may be regarded as certain that, whatever be the ultimate settlement, the influence of Turkey in Egypt will be greatly diminished. Even if she had at once consented to intervene, the Egyptians would have been well aware of the limitations to her authority; while the intervention of England, or of England and France, must render her power merely nominal. The most bitter element in the situation for the Turks is that they themselves are chiefly to blame for their present misfortunes. They secretly intrigued with Arabi, whom they hoped to use for their own purposes; forgetting to ask whether they were not evoking elements of disorder which would soon pass beyond their control.

**BELL RINGING AND EDWARD III.**—Every one who ever won the smallest success at the University must remember that he was instantly waited on by seedy and thirsty louts, who said that they had been "ringing the bells" for him. This was irritating, but we were not aware that it was an infringement of a statute of Edward III. Yet this is the conclusion which may be, perhaps hastily, drawn from a case recently heard, and adjourned in the Westminster Police Court. Mr. Joseph Sassoon and Mrs. Sassoon were charged, under a statute of Edward III., with ringing the door-bells of Sir Albert Sassoon all through the ambrosial night. They began ringing at eight o'clock on the evening of the 14th, and rang steadily, without intervals for refreshment, till two in the morning. "The ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown," says Mr. Tennyson in the "Grandmother's Apology." Mr. and Mrs. Sassoon rang with a will, but it does not appear that Sir Albert bestowed on them five shillings as a reward for their exertions. Mrs. Sassoon observed, in Court, that she and her husband were starving, in the midst of plenty, at the Grosvenor Hotel. But two amateurs capable of such prolonged exertions might surely keep the wolf from the door without making a disturbance all night at the door of a parent. The worst of it is that Mr. Dutton, who appeared for Mr. and Mrs. Sassoon, said that "his clients wished to go on." If they go on breaking the statute of Edward III. in Kensington Gore, that district will be deserted, unless, indeed, their victim spikes or in some other way silences his bells and muffles his knocker. Edward III. was a monarch to whom his country owes more than she was aware, and all must applaud the paternal legislation which forbade the superfluous ringing of door-bells.

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BY  
THE MANAGER OF THE GRAPHIC

## EXTRA NUMBER BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

In view of the enormous excitement created by the recent BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, it has been decided to issue a

SPECIAL

## EXTRA NUMBER OF THE GRAPHIC,

WHICH, AMONGST

NUMEROUS OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

OF RECENT EVENTS IN ALEXANDRIA, WILL CONTAIN THE

SKETCHES TAKEN BY THE

"GRAPHIC" SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS,

WHO WAS

ON BOARD H.M. GUNBOAT "CONDOR"

DURING THE ENGAGEMENT.

These Sketches are of much interest, and as they arrived, owing to the delay of the mail, too late for publication in the Current Number, it has been deemed advisable to publish them at once in a special issue, rather than postpone them for another week.

The Number will contain the following Engravings, amongst others:—

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA  
(Extra Four-Page Panorama of the Action).

LANDING PARTY UNDER FLAG-LIEUTENANT HON. H.  
LAMBTON DESTROYING RIFLED GUNS AT FORT MEX.  
(DOUBLE-PAGE ENGRAVING).

THE GUNBOAT "CONDOR" ATTACKING FORT MARABOUT.  
"WELL DONE, 'CONDOR'!"—THE MEN OF THE "INVINCIBLE"  
CHEERING THE "CONDOR" AFTER HER ATTACK.  
(DOUBLE-PAGE ENGRAVING).

COVERING THE LANDING PARTY AT FORT MEX.  
"BEACON," "BITTERN," AND "CONDOR" COVERING  
LANDING PARTY.

CLOSE IN SHORE ON BOARD H.M.S. GUNBOAT "CONDOR."  
PLAN OF ALEXANDRIA AND THE HARBOUR, SHOWING  
THE POSITIONS OF THE SHIPS AND FORTS ON  
THE DAY OF THE ACTION.

THE PALACE AT RAMLEH LOOTED BY THE BEDOUINS.  
ENTRANCE TO THE RAS EL TIN, WHERE THE KHEVIVE IS  
NOW STAYING.

THE NEW PORT OF ALEXANDRIA.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE MAHMOUDIEH CANAL.

The Number will be

READY NEXT MONDAY, JULY 24TH.

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NOTICE.—With this Number is issued, as an EXTRA  
DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, a PORTRAIT OF H.R.H. THE  
PRINCESS OF WALES.



**LYCEUM.**—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.  
EVERY EVENING, at 8, ROMEO AND JULIET. 12th Performance.  
Romeo, Mr. Irving; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Messrs.  
Fernandez, Terriss, Howe, &c. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open from 10 to 5.—MORNING  
PERFORMANCE. Mr. Irving begs to announce that he has arranged to play one  
more MORNING PERFORMANCE OF ROMEO AND JULIET TO-DAY  
SATURDAY at 2 o'clock. There will be no performance in the evening. Mr. Irving's  
Benefit, and last night of the present season, Saturday next, July 29.

**MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.**  
St. George's Hall, Langham Place. "NOBODY'S FAULT," by Arthur  
Law, Music by Hamilton Clarke; and "SMALL AND EARLY," a Musical Sketch  
by Mr. Corney Grain. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Thursday  
and Saturday at Three. Admission 1s. and 2s. Stalls 3s. and 5s. No fees. Last week  
of the Season. Will close Saturday, July 29. Reopen October 9.

**SURREY ASSOCIATION FOR THE GENERAL WELFARE  
OF THE BLIND.**—In the Grounds of Sir Henry Bessemer, Denmark Hill,  
a GRAND GARDEN FETE, for benefit of Institution, on SATURDAY AFTER-  
NOON, JULY 22nd, 1882, at 2 o'clock. EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.C.,  
will Preside. By kind permission of Colonel Clive, the BAND OF THE  
GRENADIER GUARDS, under the direction of MR. DAN GODFREY. GRAND  
CHORAL CONCERT by Pupils of the Royal Normal College and Academy of  
Music for the Blind, under the direction of PRINCIPAL CAMPBELL, LL.D.  
Readings by MISS BELLA BROWN. Four o'clock. Floral and Refreshment  
Marquee. Admission to the Grounds by Ticket only, 2s. 6d.; Choral Concert, 4s., 3s.,  
2s., and 1s.—ARCH K. MURRAY, Hon. Sec., 3, Pelican Buildings, Peckham  
Road, S.E.

**INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS** will  
shortly CLOSE their FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, open from  
9 till 7. Admission 1s., Catalogue 6d. Gallery, 53, Pall Mall.

H. J. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

**DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of  
Divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST  
LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and  
all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily  
10 to 6. One Shilling.**

**THE GROSSENER GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION**  
NOW OPEN, from 9 till 7. Admission One Shilling, Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

**GOODWOOD RACES.**

GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

SATURDAY, JULY 22nd, and MONDAY, JULY 24th, SPECIAL FAST TRAINS  
FROM VICTORIA for Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Drayton, Chichester,  
Havant (for Hayling Island), and Portsmouth (for Southsea and the Isle of Wight).  
SPECIAL TRAINS, for SERVANTS, HORSES, and CARRIAGES only, will  
leave VICTORIA at 7.50 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., on Saturday, July 22nd, and 6.45 a.m.,  
7.50 a.m., and 6.30 p.m., on Monday, July 24th.

Horses and Carriages for the above Stations will not be conveyed by any other  
Trains from Victoria on these days.

ON ALL FOUR DAYS OF THE RACES  
A SPECIAL TRAIN (1st and 2nd Class) will leave Kensington 7.10 a.m.,  
Victoria 7.30 a.m., and London Bridge 7.35 a.m.

A SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN (1st and 2nd Class) will leave Kensington 8.45 a.m.,  
Victoria 9 a.m., and London Bridge 9.5 a.m. (Return Fares, 26s. and 20s.).

AN EXTRA SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN (First Class only) will leave Victoria  
9.45 a.m. (Return Fare, 30s.).

FORTNIGHTLY TICKETS for the Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes Race  
Meetings:—First Class Tickets (not transferable), available from Saturday, July 22nd,  
to Saturday, August 5th, inclusive. (Price Five Pounds).

TICKETS for the Special Trains, also the Fortnightly Tickets may be obtained pre-  
viously at the London Bridge and Victoria Stations; also at the West End General  
Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square,  
which offices will remain open till 10 p.m., on July 21st, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th,  
and 29th.

(By Order)

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

**MIDLAND RAILWAY.**

TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1882.

TOURIST TICKETS will be issued to the 31st October, 1882.  
For particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes, issued by the Company.

Derby, June, 1882.

JOHN NOBLE,  
General Manager.

**GLASGOW AND HIGHLANDS.**—Royal Route *via* Crinan  
and Caledonian Canals. Steamer *Colymba* or *Iona* from Glasgow, daily, 7 a.m.,  
Greenock, 9 a.m., conveying Passengers Oban and West Highlands. Bill, Map, and  
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ALEXANDRIA

THE ENGLISH QUARTERS ON BOARD THE "ROSINA"

"THIS sketch," writes our special artist, "gives an idea of the sort of accommodation for refugees on board the refugee ship *Rosina*. The ship, originally a collier, has been divided into several large berths for families, roughly boarded off or separated by curtains. Though nearly 700 people are on board, there is plenty of room and good ventilation. The sanitary arrangements in their way are most perfect, and seamen from the men-of-war have been told off, whose especial duty it is to clean and sweep up from morn till night. So perfectly have the arrangements been looked after, that though four chartered vessels have been sent off, respectively carrying 686, 874, 750, and 700 refugees, there has as yet been but one case of sickness among all these people. All this is undoubtedly owing to the vigilance of the officers who are in charge of the refugee British subjects, Lord Lord C. Beresford and Captain Morrison, who visit the refugee ships several times daily to see that their orders are faithfully carried out."

PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENDING THE ALEXANDRIA WATERWORKS.

We published last week a sketch and description of the preparations Mr. Cornish, of the Alexandrian Waterworks, had made before the bombardment to repel any attack should there be a rising on the part of the natives. Our special artist has here depicted the effects of a steam jet which Mr. Cornish had placed outside the boiler-room, so that any besieger nearing the door would be severely scalded by a sudden jet of steam.

COMMUNICATING BETWEEN H.M.S. "HELICON" AND THE CONSULATE

"ALL communications with the Consulate from the English Admiral," wrote our special artist before the bombardment, "are conducted through the telephone on board the *Helicon* despatch boat, where Sir Beauchamp Seymour and staff are now residing."

ARABI AND HIS TROOPS

THIS sketch needs little description, as it is intended to show the types of the Egyptian troops whom Arabi has under him. They are brave fellows when bravely led, and their sturdy defence of the Alexandria fortifications last week has won them general respect. Like most Orientals, however, they are no match for the Europeans in the open, are liable to sudden panics, and to desert their leaders when success turns against them. Indeed, many are unwilling recruits, brought to the ranks chained together in gangs, for the Fellah is a peaceful, agriculture-loving hind, and is by no means to be tempted away from his hut and plantations, save by the most forcible blandishments.

BLUE-JACKETS ON SHORE

OUR illustration shows the shore equipment of a landing party of our sailors. As a rule their artillery consists of small field guns, though when they were landed at Alexandria they took with them that more modern and effective weapon for street fighting—the Gatling. The most favourable accounts come from Alexandria of the efficiency and discipline of our sailors on shore. They make magnificent police, and hunt out the looters and incendiaries with an unflinching scent. The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* writes of them: "The sailors were wonderful hands at detecting looters. It is quite an interesting sight to see the tars searching these fellows, and then, if there is reasonable suspicion, putting them in irons ready for courtmartial. The blue-jackets are most adaptable for every form of duty—as firemen, as guards for the Khédive, as police, as soldiers, they are equally successful." Notwithstanding, also, the temptation offered to Jack by unguarded dram-shops and liquor to be had for the taking, he has kept marvellously sober—in fact he has gained universal approbation from his behaviour during the past events both on shore and at sea, where, with a humour rarely equalled in the anecdotes so amusingly told by Captain Marryat, one blue-jacket having had his leg amputated after the action of the 11th inst., calmly hopped round on the other exhibiting the dismembered member, until compelled to lie down by the doctor.

H.M. GUNBOAT "CONDOR"

To this little vessel and her gallant commander, Lord Charles Beresford, belong undoubtedly the chief laurels of the engagement on the 11th inst. Ordered at 7.20 A.M. by the Admiral to engage Fort Marabout, which was somewhat harassing the vessels *Penelope*, *Invincible*, and *Monarch*, which were bombarding the Mex Forts, the little *Condor* ran in right under the guns. In a very short space of time, however, the *Condor*, though possessing only three small guns—two 64-pounders and one 112-pounder—while the fort was reckoned the second strongest in Alexandria, mounting four powerful and twenty smaller smooth-bore guns, succeeded in silencing all the guns but one—gaining from the Admiral the complimentary signal, "Well done, *Condor*."

Lord Charles William De-la-Poer Beresford, the Commander of H.M. gunboat *Condor*, is a son of the fourth Marquis of Waterford, and brother of the present holder of that title. He was born in 1846, appointed a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy in 1868, and promoted Commander in 1875, in which year he accompanied H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to India as Naval Aide-de-Camp. He was M.P. for County Waterford from 1874 to 1880. In 1863 his Lordship was awarded the gold medal of the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society for jumping overboard after a man who had fallen out of a boat whilst going to the *Defence* in Dublin Bay, and he has also the bronze medal and clasp of the Royal Humane Society for similar acts of bravery performed in the Mersey in 1863 and at Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, in 1871.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR F. B. P. SEYMOUR, G.C.B.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR FREDERICK BEAUCHAMP PAGET SEYMOUR,  
G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet now

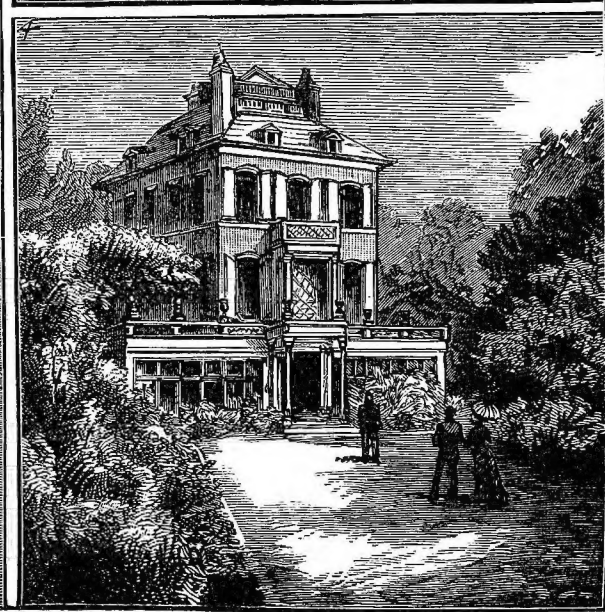
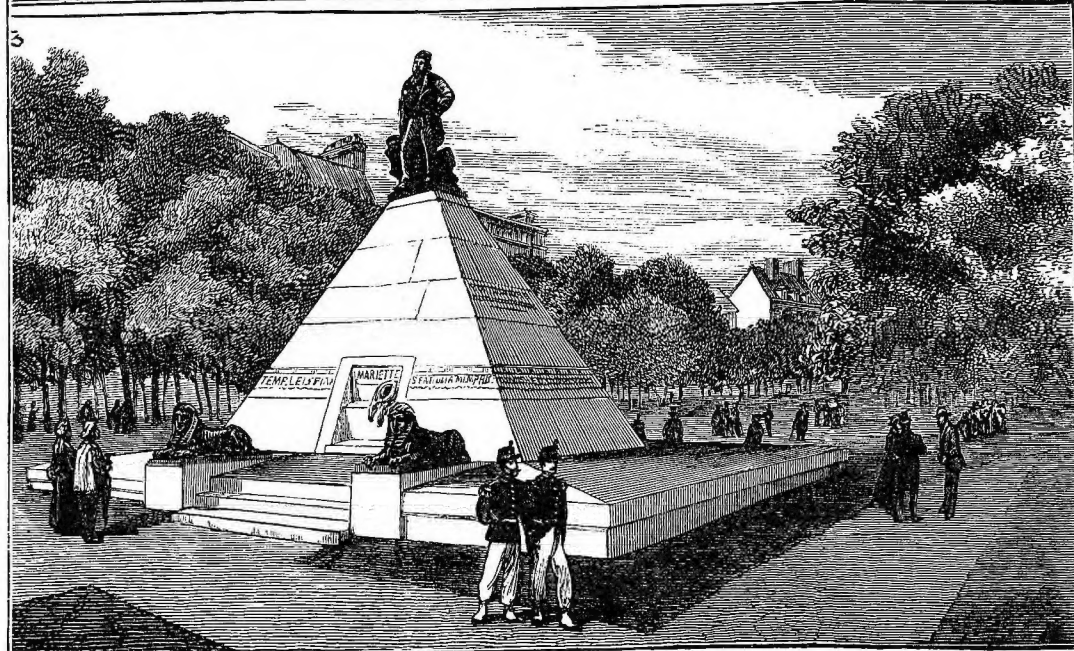
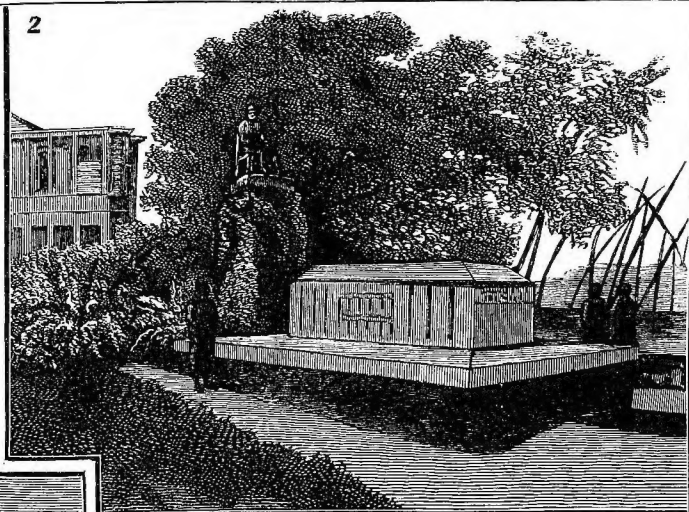
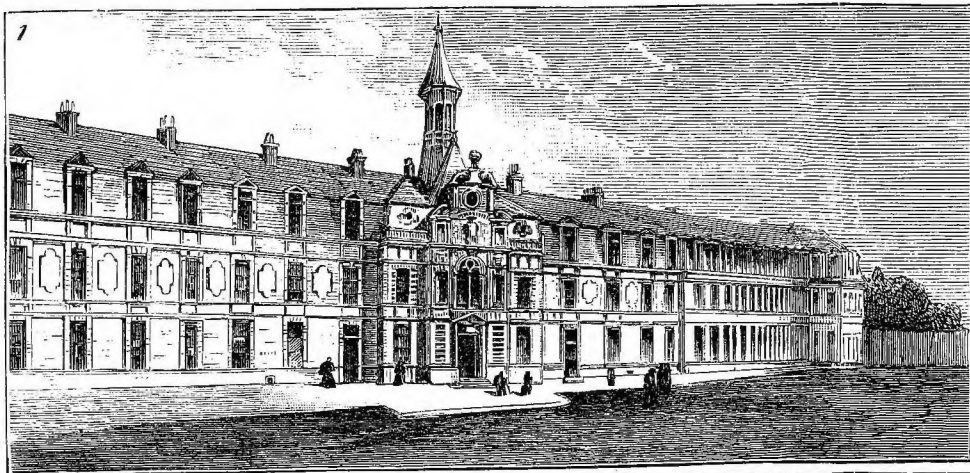




ALEXANDRIA—DEFENCE PREPARATIONS AT THE WATERWORKS: STEAM-JETS OUTSIDE THE BOILER-ROOM



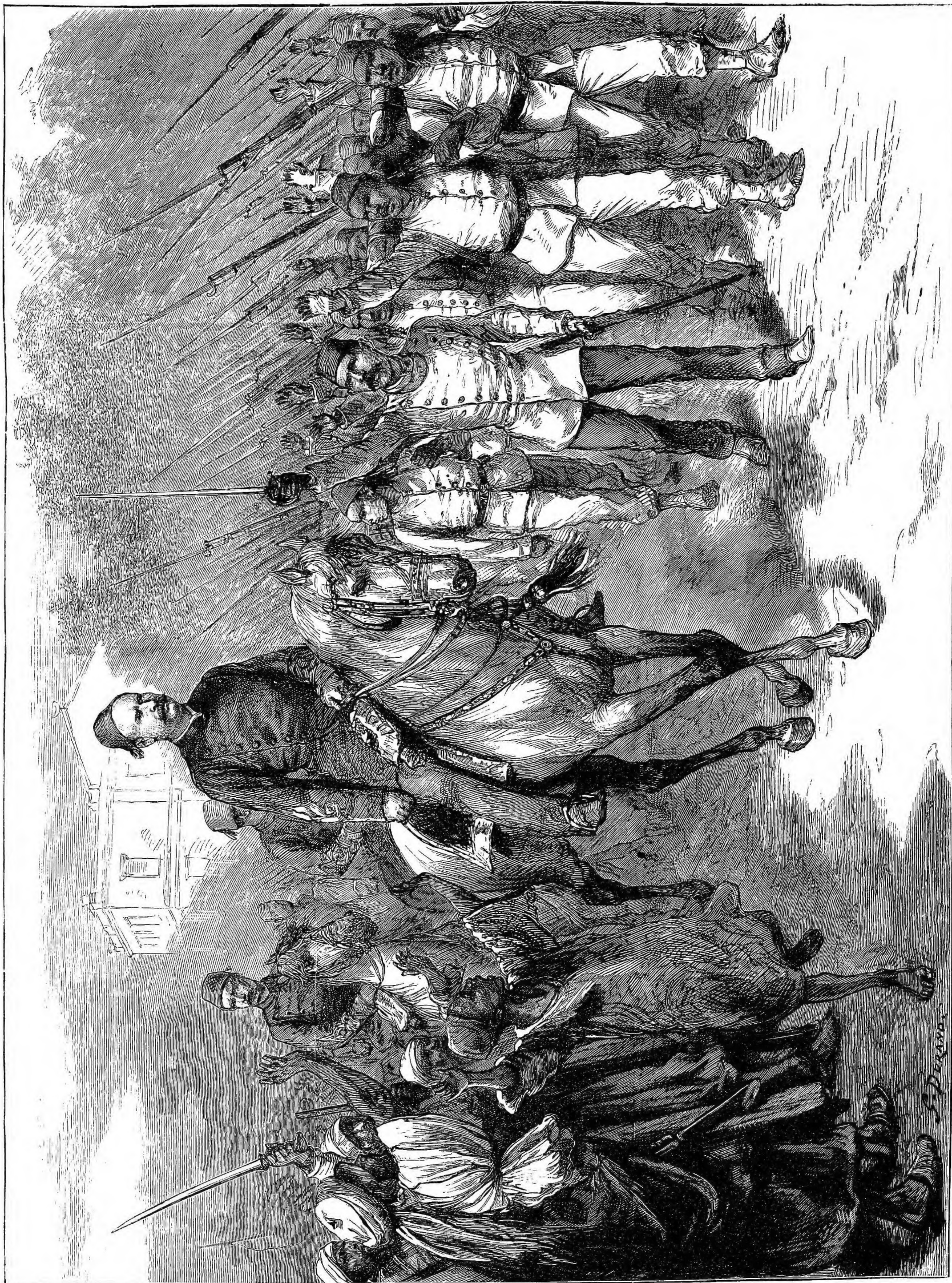
ALEXANDRIA—TELEPHONE ON BOARD H.M.S. "HELICON" COMMUNICATING WITH THE BRITISH CONSULATE



1. The New Hospital.—2. Mariette's Grave at Boulac, Cairo.—3. Statue of Auguste Mariette at Boulogne, Unveiled July 16, 1882.—4. The Villa des Moulineaux, Mariette's House at Boulogne.

THE MARIETTE FÊTE AT BOULOGNE





ALEXANDRIA—ARABI PASHA AND HIS TROOPS

S. P. K. 1882



before Alexandria, is the only surviving son of the late Sir Horace Beauchamp Seymour, M.P., and a grandson of Vice-Admiral Lord Hugh Seymour. He was born in London in 1821, educated at Eton, and entering the Royal Navy in January, 1834, was promoted to Lieutenant in 1842. He served as a volunteer in the Burmese War of 1852-3 as Aide-de-Camp to General Godwin, led the storming party of Fusiliers at the capture of the works and pagoda of Pegu, and was present at several other engagements, being four times gazetted, and awarded the Burmese medal, with Pegu clasp, at the end of the campaign. In 1854 he served against the Russians in the White Sea operations, winning the Baltic medal, and in 1860-1 he was in New Zealand with the Naval Brigade, again distinguishing himself so as to earn the New Zealand medal and the nomination of C.B. From 1868 to '70 he was Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty; and he commanded the Detached Squadron from December, 1870, to May, 1872, from which date to March, 1874, he was one of the Lords of the Admiralty. From October, 1874, to November, 1877, when he was promoted K.C.B., he commanded the Channel Squadron, and he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean in February, 1880. He was Senior Naval Officer of the Demonstrative Squadron of that year, and received the thanks of the Government for the manner in which he performed that duty, being promoted G.C.B. in the following year. The admirable way in which he managed his ships during the bombardment at Alexandria we have already described, and we need only add that Her Majesty sent him a telegram congratulating him on the success of the operations. Our portrait is from a photograph by John MacLardy, Church Street, Oswestry.

#### SOME IRONCLADS WHICH TOOK PART IN THE BOMBARDMENT

WE have already given a general account of the bombardment of Alexandria, but some special particulars respecting each of the ships shown in our engraving (which were the principal vessels engaged in the action), may prove interesting. The *Alexandra*, Sir Frederick Seymour's flag-ship, Captain C. F. Hotham, is a double screw armour-plated vessel of 9,490 tons burthen, with engines of 8,614 horse-power. She is a two-decker, and carries 12 rifled muzzle-loading guns—two 25-tonners and ten 18-tonners, all of which are placed amidships, and can be used for broadside fire, whilst four can also be fired directly forward, and two to the rear. The *Sultan*, Staff-Commander R. Brown; the *Invincible*, Captain R. Fitzroy, and the *Penelope*, Captain St. George Irvine, are also armour-plated broadside ships, the first-named carrying 12 guns, whilst the others carry 14 and 11 respectively. The *Inflexible*, Captain J. A. Fisher, is a double-turret ship, 11,400 tons, 8,480 horse-power, armed with four enormous guns (81-tonners), two in each turret, so that each has an all-round fire. The *Téméraire*, Captain H. F. Nicholson, is a double-screw, 8,540 tons, 7,700 horse-power. Her armament consists of four 18-ton guns and four 25-tonners, six of which are carried in a double battery amidships, like that of the *Alexandra*, whilst the other two are placed in the bow and stern, being mounted on the disappearing principle in open-top towers or turrets. The *Monarch*, Captain H. Fairfax, C.B., is also a turret-ship, 8,320 tons, 1,100 horse-power, carrying seven guns.

From a purely scientific point of view, the bombardment is considered to be highly satisfactory, though the little damage sustained by our ships and the very small number of British killed and wounded, is perhaps rather attributable to lack of skill on the part of the Egyptian artillerymen, than to the strength or the protective qualities of our vessels. The *Superb* had her funnel pierced and a plate below her foremast glacis torn away. The *Inflexible* had one of her boats rendered useless and others badly damaged. The *Alexandra* had some slight damage done to her hull, and two of her guns were disabled. The *Sultan* had one shot clean through her mainmast, and another through her after funnel, besides two or three which pierced her hull in the unarmoured parts. The fire of the *Monarch* was considered disappointing. That from the *Invincible* was particularly admired for its precision, and the *Condor* won the commendation of the Admiral for the plucky way in which she bore down on Fort Marabout, and engaged guns immensely superior in calibre to her own. The casualties were six killed (including Lieutenant Jackson, of the *Invincible*, who died of his wounds five days after the action), and twenty-five wounded.

#### THE MEETING-PLACE OF THE CONFERENCE

Therapia is a prettily-situated village on the Bosphorus, where most of the Embassies and the wealthier members of the foreign community of Constantinople spend their summer. The English Embassy always transfers its quarters there from Pera, and also the Italian Embassy, at whose residence the European Conference, upon whose decision hangs the fate of Egypt, has been meeting during the past few weeks. The building, like most of the numerous so-called palaces on the Bosphorus, is not an imposing edifice, being mainly built of wood; but the pale yellow colour, with the ample verandah, give it a delightfully refreshing aspect in the blaze of a summer sun.

#### THE MARIETTE FÊTES AT BOULOGNE.

BOULOGNE has been holding high festival in honour of Mariette Bey, the well-known Egyptologist. Auguste Edouard Mariette was born at Boulogne in 1821, was educated at Boulogne College, and, early making Egyptian lore his study, he was appointed in 1848 to a post in the Egyptian Department of the Louvre. Two years later he was sent by the French Government on a scientific mission to Egypt, and there devoted himself to a series of excavations at Memphis, where he made the most valuable discoveries, brought to light the Temple of Serapis, and the colossal figure of the Sphinx. After some years he was appointed Inspector-General and Keeper of the National Monuments of Egypt and Keeper of the Museum of Boulac, which he himself founded. He died in February, 1881, at Cairo, and now lies, as one of our sketches shows, on the bank of the Nile (close to his house—seen on the left), in the garden of the Boulac Museum, at the foot of a statue which he had discovered a short time before his death.

The Boulogne monument, the work of Mr. Alfred Jacquemart, shows Mariette Bey standing upon a pyramid, which typifies the land of his fruitful labours. His right hand rests upon the colossal head of the goddess Isis. At its foot are Nile Sphinxes, an Academic Chair, and a funeral Crown of Cypress.

Another sketch represents the house, the Villa des Moulineaux, which for years was his favourite residence at Boulogne; and where he retired during those health holidays which were necessitated by his labours in the burning sandy deserts in the Valley of the Nile. It is of farther and lasting interest to all England as having been inhabited during several seasons by Charles Dickens.

The four days' fête, composing the first series of the present Boulogne season, continued and ended with an international contest between musical societies. Eighty of these, numbering an aggregate number of 2,000 performers, took part in the proceedings.

The principal portion of the entertainment was a cantata in honour of Mariette Bey, composed by a Boulognian, Mr. C. Vervoitte, and sung at the foot of Mariette's statue by a thousand voices.

The new Hospital which was to be inaugurated yesterday (Friday) stands upon a plot of ground bequeathed for this philanthropic purpose to the city by a Boulognian, Mr. Louis Duflos. It has been erected upon the high plateau at the back of the Calais Road, fronting the Rue de la Paix, in a fine, open, sunny situation. Our engraving, as also the other illustrations, are from sketches by our

Boulogne correspondent, Mr. V. J. Vaillant. The general plan of the building comprises a central reception hall and a chapel at the back, dividing the male from the female wards, which are distributed along the sides of quadrangles with gardens in the open. Accommodation is provided for 300 inmates, with a total outlay which will not fall far short of 100,000/.

#### THE CAMP AT WIMBLEDON, 1882

SEVERAL important competitions were closed on Saturday. The Silver Medal and Badge in the Queen's Prize was won by Colour-Sergeant Smith, 6th Surrey; the Prince of Wales's Prize by Lieut. Mitchell, of Canada; the St. George's Challenge Vase by Lieut. Stevens, 15th Middlesex; the China Challenge Cup by the 1st Ayrshire; and the Belgian Vase by the 1st Roxburgh. In the Match between Lords and Commons, their Lordships were victorious by twenty-three points. There have now been twenty matches, each House having won ten. During this week the improved weather has had a visible effect on the aspect of the camp, the largest attendance of spectators being on Tuesday, when the Prince and Princess of Wales witnessed the finish of the shooting for the Queen's Prize, which was won by Sergeant Lawrance, 1st Dumbarton (Helensburg) Corps, with 65 points. He was heartily cheered when the Princess of Wales pinned the gold badge on his arm, and was honoured with the usual chairing through the camp. The third, fourth, sixth, and seventh places in the contest were also filled by Scotchmen, whose success as marksmen, though not new, is certainly remarkable.

The Prince and Princess inspected the camp of the Canadians, and Her Royal Highness presented Lieutenant Mitchell with the Prince of Wales's Prize Badge. On Wednesday the Kolapore Cup was won by the Mother Country team, the United Service Challenge Cup by the Volunteers, while Oxford beat Cambridge for the Chancellor's Plate; and on Thursday, when the Duke of Cambridge was expected in camp, the Elcho Shield and the Public Schools Competitions were to take place. To-day (Saturday) the prizes are to be presented by the Duchess of Albany. Our artist gives the following description of his sketches:—

"Once through the barrier you very soon come to one of the prettiest bits of the Camp—the tents of the Canadian Team (7). They stand on the ridge near the Flagstaff, with Richmond Church far away amongst the trees. Each tent has a little bed of flowers and shrubs in front of it, and amongst the shrubs is one familiar to Canadians. We call it the Lignum Vitæ; but at Niagara, where it grows in abundance, it is cedar. The orderly in charge of the camp, from Ottawa, bemoaned the fact that they had not brought Canadian weather with them. All who had the honour of going with Lord Lorne to the Far West know how Canadians can make a camp, and this one did them credit.

"The men are away shooting all over the place, some of them, no doubt, in that long line of sharpshooters moving in smoke at the further end of the common—a rope and a post with 'Danger' on it, and a policeman keep us from instant death. Our ears are deafened by the crack of the rifles and puzzled by the jargon of the riflemen—one says he hasn't got many 'bills,' another that he is all 'outers' and 'inners.' The gentleman close to us firing Red Indian fashion, into the ground, is having a 'blow out' (1); he has to pay 3d. for a ticket to do so—and a cheap 'blow out' too, cheaper than you can get in the Pavilion. Blue-jackets with leggings on are carrying in ammunition—tubs full for the Sniders and boxes for the Martini-Henrys—hard work for the blue-jackets, I should say.

"By-the-bye, if you want to go to the further end of that long line of fire, a queer kind of engine will drag you there in a car. The sleepers are laid down on the flat turf, just as they are in the prairie land of Manitoba. 'All Aboard!' One portly Volunteer is too late for the train, and puffs more than the engine. He is the running man No. 1. We have seen sailors with leggings on; we are now to see sailor boys (from the Sailors' Orphan Home do they come?) as chiffoniers. There they are, with their bags and their sticks with a pin in the end, picking up bits of paper (off the cartridge packets, I suppose) with which the camp is strewn. One bit of paper, though, is far too valuable to be stuck in a sack with rubbish—an *Evening Standard*, with an account of the bombardment at Alexandria in it. A sailor gets hold of it; others get hold of him; the paper is in the middle of them; they lie flat on the ground, and they lay their heads together over that paper.

"Let us hope that the Egyptians may run as fast as the gentleman in effigy, who, from his fleetness perhaps, is called the *Running Deer*. The gentlemen who fire at him stand on the other side of a gully filled with hazel bushes. It is a beautiful spot. Earl de Grey seems to be the *genius loci*. The last time I saw his lordship, he was shooting quails in Egypt. The policeman who stands at this particular point, and has done so for years, tells me that the Earl is always there. Why do the same policemen always have the same beats? They do, because the policeman who guarded the 'Sun Rising in a Mist,' at the National Gallery, said to me one day, 'Do you see anything in it, sir? I've stood here for fourteen years, and I never could.'

"The Running Deer policeman looking over my shoulder said, 'That Guardsman has exhibited a picture of a granny dear—an old woman—with soldiers marching round her nose and chin. He'd draw all them there, and write their names under them in five minutes. He did Lord De Grey, and showed it to him. He was a tremenjous angler. Caught a tremenjous jack at Windsor, and gave it to the Prince of Wales, who had him stuffed. He was a tremenjous drinker, too.'

#### H.M. DESPATCH BOAT "ANTELOPE"

"The *Antelope*, despatch vessel, placed at the disposal of our Ambassador at the Sublime Porte, is," writes our artist, "perhaps neither beautiful or swift, is certainly old, burns much coal, and makes such a 'wake' that caiques usually pull for the creeks. Still, the officers make the most of her, and are as fastidious about the correct mixture of straw or primrose for the colouring of the funnel, paddle-boxes, &c., &c. (which from the vile coal of the Bosphorus steamers has to be constantly renewed), the snowiness of the awnings and hammocks, the gilding, &c. (much to the detriment of their pockets) as if she were the most beautiful craft afloat. She has, while lying quietly at her white buoy at Therapia, been mixed up in some historical scenes, serving variously under numerous Ambassadors. She is further looked on with much veneration by the English population of the capital and her flag is supposed, backed by some seventy men, blue-jackets, stokers, marines, and servants, to afford, in emergency, unlimited succour, shelter, and assistance. On the whole, before she passes away, she deserves some token of commemoration. She lies off Petala's Hotel, at the end of the Scala, on which stands the English and French Embassies, Italian, Belgian, and other Legations.

#### "KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 81.

#### I.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES

SIMPLE-MINDED adult country-folk occasionally, and children almost always, are disappointed with their first sight of Royal personages. Kings and Queens do not seem like Kings and Queens when they are dressed as Mr. and Mrs. Smith are dressed. Children prefer that Royalty should be as it is in the pictures illustrating their history books, where ermine robes are constantly worn; where

the dignitary, when indoors, is perched habitually on an elevated seat called a throne, and where the Crown, plentifully studded with precious stones, is only doffed when its wearer goes to bed. Indeed, the child learned in Shakespeare doubts whether kings do, doff the crown on retiring to rest. For does not the Bard say, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown?' At all events, it is incontestable that a large part of the public like to see Royalty looking like Royalty, and therefore we think they will be especially looking with this portrait of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, who, charming as she is, in whatever dress she is taken (and she has been taken pretty often), does really look every inch a Royal personage in this engraving from Mr. Bassano's photograph.

#### INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY

THE oft-quoted warning from Burns, originally spoken concerning Captain Grose, the antiquary—

A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it,

touches on a grievance of very small magnitude compared with that now under notice. A man with a note-book may, no doubt, be objectionable. The cabman thought so who misunderstood Mr. Pickwick's omnivorous appetite for knowledge, and, believing him to be a common informer, knocked his immortal spectacles off. But the most egregious Paul Pry armed with a note-book is a harmless creature compared with the instantaneous photographer. And consider how artfully diminutive is the said photographer's apparatus! None of your clumsy, old-fashioned cameras, as conspicuous as a baked-potato can, no plunging of heads under a black cloth. Nothing of that sort. He can carry it—this deadly machine—in his coat pocket without any perceptible bulging. And when he takes it out it seems, to the eyes of the unwary bystander, as innocent as an opera-glass. But once let him fix you, and he has you—to rights, as the vulgar saying goes. This is what an unfortunate gentleman discovered who, during a race-meeting, was run in to the police station. He was charged with picking pockets, a monstrous accusation! He was innocent as the babe unborn! Somebody, however, produced a sun-picture, taken in the twinkling of an eye, and there this young man was unmistakably depicted with a felonious paw plunged into his neighbour's skirt-pocket! Then again, there was the sad case of that gentleman—a married gentleman, too—who went to the races in a public conveyance, and, as his heart glowed with universal benevolence, put an arm round each of his fair neighbours' waists, as a precaution lest they should fall out by the way. The photographic fiend saw him, and potted him, and then another fiend (friend without the r) sent a copy of the photo. to the missus. A ukase was issued—"You go to no more races, except with me." The excessively florid lady in the carriage "twigg'd" the photographer just as he was fixing her. But he caught her too soon for escape, and now she is crystallised for the amusement of the public engaged in a vain endeavour (by the aid of the powder-puff) to substitute the pale rose of York for the red rose of Lancaster. Then there was the susceptible young man, who, believing that everybody was looking at the horses, snatched the opportunity to take a buss from his fair (we generally pay a fare for the bus). But the photo-demon marked him down, and now that kiss, which though sweet, was provokingly evanescent, is immortalised. Lastly, we see the effect of instantaneous photography on horses' legs. Our animal draughtsmen have hitherto all been wrong. Ingenious Mr. Muybridge came all the way from San Francisco in California, and showed us how the Sun, that sure-hitting portrait-painter, depicts horses in motion. It is no doubt the correct thing, but it don't look nice. It looks like a kangaroo race, and the inevitable dog in the corner has the air of a wallaby. So much for the instantaneous photographer, who belongs to the genus of tell-tale tit, whose tongue should be slit, as the nursery rhyme has it, or who, indeed, recalls the words of a more modern ditty:

I'll tell your mother what you've done,  
Tell her where you've been,  
Tell her what I've seen,  
I'll tell your mother what you've done!

#### THE ASSYRIAN CHRISTIANS OF KURDISTAN

ON the 9th inst. a very interesting meeting took place at Lambeth Palace. Side by side with the Archbishop of Canterbury sat two Oriental prelates, clad in such primitive and picturesque robes as might have been worn by their predecessors 1,800 years before. For these Bishops, whose names respectively are Mar Goriel and Mar Johannan, are dignitaries of a very ancient and at one time widely-spread Christian Church. The old Nestorian Church, founded A.D. 82 in Persia, became the great Missionary Church of Asia. They preached in Tartary, in India, in Ceylon, and in China. Under the reign of the Caliphs, the Nestorian Church was diffused from China to Jerusalem and Cyprus, and their numbers surpassed those of the Greek and Latin communities put together.

Now, however, and for a long time past, the Church of the Nestorians has been in a state of downfall and decay. The community which at present represents the once mighty Church is confined within narrow limits among the mountains of Kurdistan and the country south and east of them, partly in Turkey and partly in Persia.

Comparatively limited as are the numbers of this body of Christians, they are divided into two sects, Nestorians proper and Chaldeans. A Patriarch of the latter in the fifteenth century made a decree that his successor should always be chosen from the nearest relatives of the reigning Patriarch. The natural result was that both Patriarchate and priesthood became a complete family borough. About a hundred years ago there were only three of the family left, and on one of these becoming Patriarch, at the advanced age of fourteen, he at once tendered his allegiance to the Pope of Rome. Rome has ever since endeavoured to get the Mountain Nestorians, as the other branch of the Church is called, to join her community, but hitherto without avail.

It is this Church which now appeals for help. Its condition is not very promising. Both clergy and laity are very ignorant, and the Bishops are consecrated to the holy office without any education or previous training. Mar Johannan, the junior Bishop present at the meeting, was consecrated at twenty-one, and it was found, during the six months which he spent at the College at Warminster, that his mind was a absolute blank as regards any dogmatic theology or religious training.

It is proposed to aid this struggling Church by the establishment of a Training College and Normal School under an English clergyman and teachers, with printing-press, type, &c. It is reckoned that 2,000/ a year will suffice, and towards this fund the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge have each promised 250/ a year for five years.

The *Record*, from which we have abridged the foregoing particulars, judging by previous efforts in favour of the corrupt and fallen Churches of the East, is not very sanguine of the success of this scheme, and, moreover, the American missionaries, who have laboured for forty years among the Nestorians, deprecate any interference with their work. This is no fancy on their part; as the Patriarch Mar Shimoon has peremptorily ordered them to desist from their labours, on the plea that he had handed over his flock to the care of the Church of England.

Those of our readers who desire further information on this interesting subject will find it in a volume entitled "Christians under the Crescent in Asia," published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and written by the Rev. E. L. Cutts, who in



1876 was commissioned by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York to visit the Nestorians, and bring back information on certain definite points. It is from this book that our engravings are taken, and full descriptions of them will be found there.



**THE EGYPTIAN CRISIS.**—The bombardment of Alexandria and the somewhat tardy resignation of Mr. Bright have been the chief political events of this week, but neither seems to have created such a degree of excitement as might have been expected, there being a very remarkable dearth of public speaking upon the subject. Mr. Bright's explanation in the House and Mr. Gladstone's reply were models of brevity, and though the Earl of Carnarvon and Mr. Cross, at the Lambeth meeting on Tuesday, criticised the Government for the "irresolute character of their policy," both speeches were remarkable for that kind of forbearance for which Lord Carnarvon claimed credit as having saved the Ministry from the danger of being torn to pieces by their own hounds. The proposed vote of censure, which stands in the names of Mr. Gorst and Lord Randolph Churchill, is not expected to find many supporters, whilst outside Parliament the sole denouncers of the bombardment have been Sir Wilfrid Lawson and one or two other peace-at-any-price advocates. The singular reticence of well-known public speakers, Liberal and Conservative, is, we suppose, due to the novelty of our position, Mr. Gladstone persisting in the assertion that after all we are not really at war with any one, despite which, military and naval precautions have for some time past been actively carried on at Woolwich, Chatham, Portsmouth, and other places. Sir Garnet Wolseley will take the command of the Expeditionary Force in Egypt, which, however, it is now said will consist only of some 10,000 men, instead of 25,000 or 30,000 as was at first contemplated. The *Army and Navy Gazette* suggests that a large quota of the Irish Militia should be invited to volunteer for service at Malta and Gibraltar, and thus be removed from the danger of being infected by disloyalty.

**IRELAND.**—The Prevention of Crime Act received the Royal assent last week, and no fewer than seventeen counties and parts of four other districts, mainly in the West and South, were at once "proclaimed." The first arrest under the Act was made on Saturday, at Tralee, the offender being a labourer who had threatened a farmer. Other men have since shared the same fate, and one of these, taken at night near Pallas, County Kerry, is stated to have been possessed of documents of a very compromising character. Colonel Brackenbury, the Chief of the New Police Department, has resigned his office in order to be free to take up military duty in Egypt, should an opportunity offer. A number of fresh outrages are reported, the worst of which is the murder of an old woman named Connell, near Balla, who was shot on the Thursday and died on Saturday. She and her son had recently taken a Boycotted farm.—At Waterford a large quantity of military rifles and ammunition have been stolen from a railway van, where they had been left unguarded.—The recent wet weather has greatly endangered the crops. The hay is destroyed, the corn much injured, and the potatoes blighted.

**AN "IRISH TWO HUNDRED,"** with the motto "*Sinn Féin Linn Féin*" (Ourselves with Ourselves), has been established in Southwark for the organisation of the Irish electors as an independent body. They have already held a meeting, and adopted resolutions expressing horror and detestation of the conduct of the Government in bombarding Alexandria, and "making war upon a people struggling for liberty."

**THE MAORI CHIEFS** who came all the way from New Zealand to protest against the conduct of the Colonial authorities towards their countrymen and the imprisonment of Te Whiti have had their trouble for their pains, for Lord Kimberley has politely declined to grant their prayer for a Royal Commission of inquiry. The matter is to be referred to the New Zealand Government to advise Her Majesty as to the necessity of any action being taken, a procedure the beauty and justice of which will, we fear, be hardly appreciated by the aggrieved natives.

**A LOCAL OPTION MEETING,** presided over by Mr. S. Morley, was held on Monday at Exeter Hall, the room being decorated with flags borne thither in procession through the pouring rain by the members of various Temperance Societies. Amongst the speakers were Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. A. Pease, Cardinal Manning, Mr. W. Fowler, and Canon Wilberforce; and resolutions were adopted calling on the Government to bring about an early enactment of an efficient local option law.

**BRITISH VOLUNTEERS & UNITED STATES NATIONAL GUARD.**—A kind of international military rifle match is to take place in the United States in September; for which the British team of twelve men will be selected from twenty of the best marksmen at the Wimbledon meeting, who will take part in a final competition at Hounslow next week. The Committee appointed by the National Rifle Association will be glad to receive subscriptions towards paying the travelling expenses of the team, which may be sent to Messrs. Ransome, Bouverie, and Co., Pall Mall, S.W., or to Major Waller, 4, Lyall Street, S.W.

**THE PROPOSED DRAKE MEMORIAL.**—It is rather late in the day to suggest the erection of a national monument to Sir Francis Drake, the great naval commander of the Elizabethan period, but the tercentenary of his circumnavigation of the globe forms not a bad excuse for the proposal, which, originating in his native county, has since been taken up by the Lord Mayor of London, who, on Wednesday, presided at a meeting in the City, where the scheme was advocated by the Earls of Devon and Mount Edgcumbe, Mr. MacLaver, M.P., Sir J. Kennaway, M.P., Sir T. D. Acland, M.P., the Mayor of Plymouth, and several other gentlemen. The idea is to erect a statue of Drake upon the Hoe at Plymouth.

**THE CABMEN'S STRIKE** is announced to be practically at an end, most of the masters having conceded the demands of the drivers.

**THE LETTER-CARRIERS' GRIEVANCES** are at last to be dealt with. On Tuesday Mr. Fawcett stated in the House of Commons that a decision had been arrived at, the effect of which would be to raise the London letter-carriers' scale at the maximum by 2s. per week, substituting an annual increment for a triennial one. The wages of country postmen would also be higher; and the "good-conduct stripes," carrying with them increased pay, would be extended to them; whilst the suburban letter-carriers would be placed on the same footing as those of London itself, and the revision would also affect the wages of auxiliaries, porters, stampers, and labourers.

**THE BRIGHTON COACH** was overturned at Belmont Station, near Sutton, on Monday, in consequence of the horses shying at a passing tricycle. One lady had her leg broken, another her arm fractured, and several other passengers were badly injured, whilst the coachman was terribly bruised.

**THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY,** which this week has been energetically working in the neighbourhood of Hampstead, has now a friendly rival in a "Green Ribbon Army," the members of which will be chiefly Irish Roman Catholics; but which, it is stated, will be in no

way associated with politics, its sole motto being "Total Abstinence from Intoxicating drinks."

**FIRE BRIGADE REWARDS.**—On Saturday Sir J. M'Garel Hogg, M.P., attended a parade at the head-quarters of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, and presented medals to several men who had distinguished themselves by gallant conduct in saving life during the past year. One of the recipients had rescued a man weighing 19st., bringing him down a ladder from a second-floor window.

**THE CITY COMPANIES.**—It is stated that the legal opinion obtained by the Royal Commission on the City Companies from Mr. Horace Davey, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Vaughan Williams is generally favourable to the view expressed by several witnesses, that the whole of the property of the City guilds belong to the public, the base of their charters being that they are charitable trusts, and that their property should, under the Municipal Reform Act of 1835, be transferred to the municipalities then formed. The guilds are reported to have admitted the possession of property yielding 750,000l. per annum, while they are said to receive in fees and otherwise about 250,000l. a year. The sum they spend yearly in dinners is said to be nearly 75,000l.

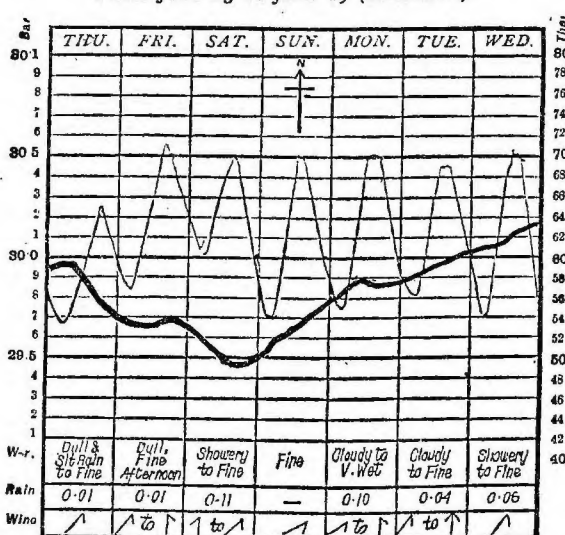
**THE GREEN AT HAMPSTEAD,** which is said to have been public property "from time immemorial," is also claimed by a private gentleman, who recently erected a wooden fence around it. This fence was on Monday pulled down and burnt by a crowd of some 300 indignant demonstrators, against whom the police seem to have been powerless.

**A SMOKE ABATEMENT INSTITUTE** has now been formed to carry on the work of the Committee which arranged for the recent Exhibition at South Kensington.

**NEW DOCKS AT TILBURY.**—On Saturday week the chairman of the East and West India Dock Company cut the first sod which commences the work of constructing the new docks at Tilbury opposite Gravesend, for the reception of vessels of the deepest draught, independent of the tides. They will be 460 acres in extent, and it is proposed to connect them with the southern bank of the river by means of a railway tunnel.

**THE DISCOVERY AT DUNECHT.**—The news that the embalmed body of the late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres has been found in a wood only a few hundred yards from the Dunecht House and from the tomb whence it had been sacrilegiously stolen, does little towards clearing up the mystery as to the perpetrators of the crime or their motive, though as to the latter there has never been much doubt but that it was the hope of obtaining a heavy ransom for the restoration of the remains, an expectation which was happily frustrated by the firmness of the outraged relatives in declining to enter into any treaty with them. Soon after the discovery of the crime a reward of 600l. was offered for information leading to the arrest of those concerned in it, but this proved ineffectual, and the public excitement gradually died away as month after month passed on in fruitless inquiries by the police, who were never without the proverbial "clue." Sleuth hounds were employed, investigations suggested by anonymous letters, visions of clairvoyants, and mesages rapped out at Spiritualistic seances were made, and every imaginable means of detecting the perpetrators of the outrage or of discovering the body were adopted, but all without avail until Sunday last, when a man named Charles Soutar, who is now in custody, made a statement to the local police to the effect that in May, 1881, while poaching in the "policies" of Dunecht, about midnight, he came upon four men with blackened faces who were engaged in burying a body, and who, upon catching sight of him, held a pistol to his head, and extorted from him an oath of secrecy. Acting on this information a party of police and gamekeepers at once set about the search, with the result above recorded. The body, which was only two feet below the surface, was wrapped in a blanket, and bore no traces of violence and few of exposure, although it had lain in the moist earth for a period of fourteen months, a fact which speaks well for the protective character of the embalming process. The occurrence has naturally created a good deal of excitement in the district, and further arrests are expected. It remains to be ascertained whether the man Soutar was in reality a participant in the barbarous crime, or, if merely an unwilling accomplice after the fact, whether he has told all he knows respecting the actual criminals. In either case we can but hope that the guilty persons may now be speedily brought to justice. Meanwhile the public generally will join heartily in the congratulations and expressions of sympathy which Her Majesty the Queen was the first to send to the bereaved family, whose anxiety and sufferings during the past nine months must have been inexpressibly poignant.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK  
FROM JULY 13 TO JULY 19 (INCLUSIVE).



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—Changeable, showery weather has again prevailed over the British Islands, and although in London the fine intervals have been longer and more frequent than of late, conditions have remained very unsettled. This state of things has been brought about by a continuance of small depressions over our southern districts, and at the close of the week there were few indications of really settled weather. Temperature has again been low for the time of year; the highest point reached by the thermometer was only 71°, and on Thursday (13th inst.) the maximum was only 65°. The winds have been generally south-westerly or southerly, and at times they have freshened considerably. The barometer has been below the average almost every day, but at the close of the week it had risen to a higher point than for some time past. The barometer was highest (30.03 inches) on Wednesday (19th inst.); lowest (29.48 inches) on Saturday (15th inst.); range, 0.55 inches. Temperature was highest (71°) on Friday (14th inst.); lowest (54°) on Thursday (13th inst.); Sunday (16th inst.), and Wednesday (19th inst.); range, 17°. Rain fell on six days. Total amount, 0.33 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.11 inches, on Saturday (15th inst.).



A PERY'S MEMORIAL is now being planned, to be erected in St. Olave's, Hart Street, where the gossiping old chronicler is buried.

A DANISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION in the *Dijnpha* left Copenhagen on Tuesday, under the command of Lieutenant Hovgaard, who accompanied Professor Nordenskjöld in the *Vega*.

HERR MUNKACSY'S "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE" is being reproduced in wax for a Vienna Art amateur, who intends to establish a gallery of waxen groups, copied from famous pictures.

THE PICTURES ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY at the Hamilton sale are to be exhibited as soon as possible owing to the great interest felt by the public. The thirteen paintings will be hung temporarily on screens.

GENERAL SKOBELEFF has left behind him elaborate descriptions of the Russo-Turkish war and the campaign against the Tekké Turcomans, as well as some important notes on the German army manoeuvres of 1880. The documents are to be published at once.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS has elected eight new members—Messrs. F. Barnard, E. F. Brewnall, J. Charlton, A. H. Marsh, John Scott, J. D. Watson, T. J. Watson, and R. C. Woodville. Mr. Carl Haag has also been elected an hon. member of the Society.

ELECTRICITY IS TO BE TRIED IN THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL for propelling the locomotives in order to ensure a purer atmosphere. Experiments are now being made at Berne, and should they prove successful it is said that the electric system would be cheaper than the present method.

A RELIC OF THE TAY BRIDGE ACCIDENT is believed to have been found on the Norwegian coast, near Trondhjem. The door of a carriage has been picked up, half-covered with blue satin and padded with horse-hair, the upper part evidently containing a window frame. The brass handles and lock are intact, and the door bears on the inside the number 414.

THE HAMILTON SALE closed this week, the total realised being 337,900l. The most interesting objects during the last few days were the miniatures sold on Saturday, these including a valuable jewelled miniature of James I., by Hilliard, which sold for 2,835l.; a collection of six full-lengths of French Kings and Queens, by Janet—Henri II. and III., Charles IX., Catherine de Medicis, the Grand Dauphin, and Claude de France—this bringing 1,762l.; and two Petitots, Louis Duc de Bourgogne and Colbert, which realised respectively 68l. and 24l. The sale of the first part of the library was also concluded, the books down to letter "G" having sold at very high prices, and realised a total of 31,500l. The next part of the library will be brought to the hammer early in December.

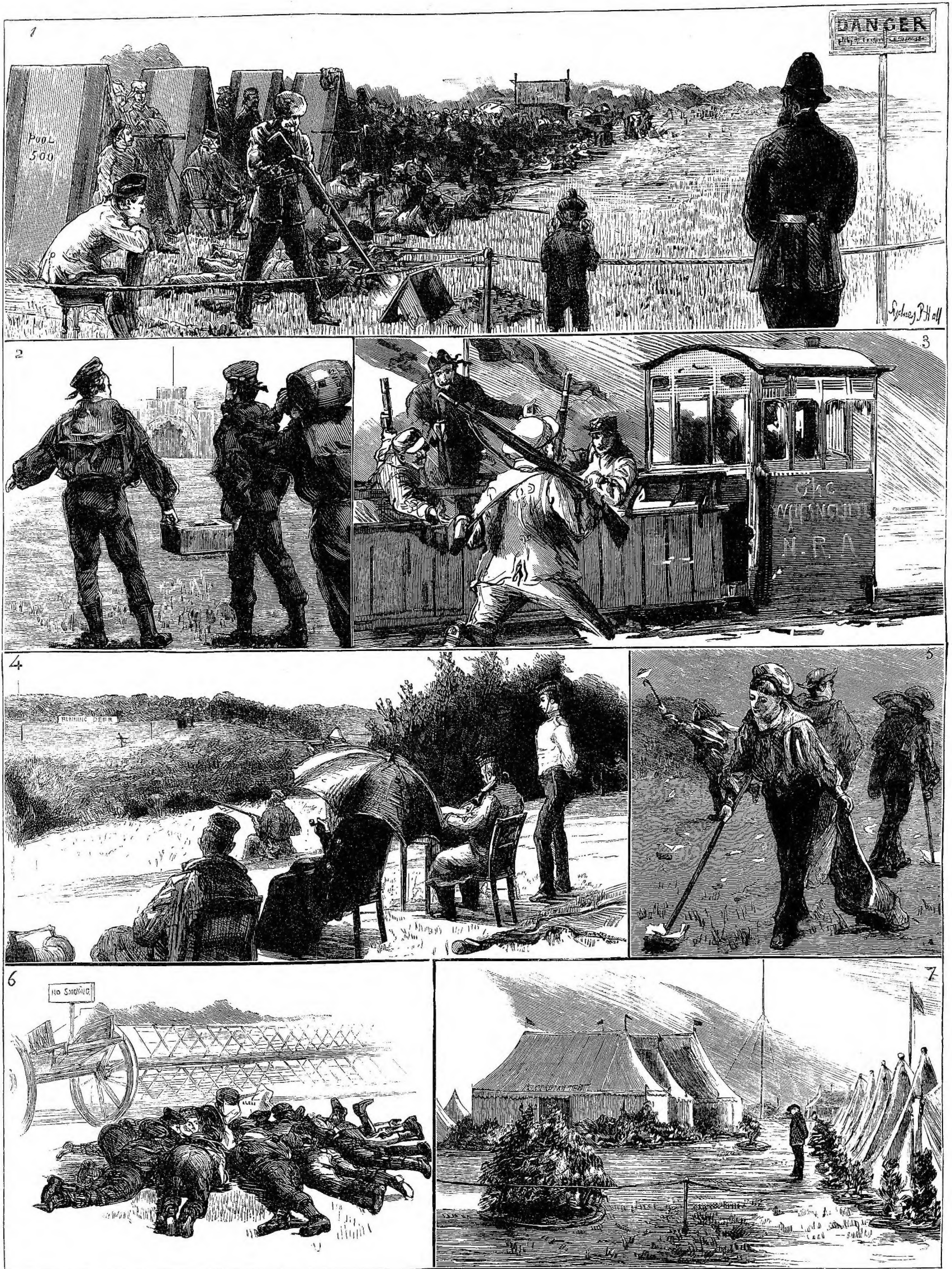
THE NATIONAL FÊTE IN PARIS last week brought out a host of ingenious inventions to commemorate the triumph of the Republic. Every good patriot was bound to ornament his buttonhole with a "tri-coloured pansy," or a "national pompon,"—a feather tuft of red, white, and blue, while he could deck himself from his cap to his slippers in the same national hues, and even make his breakfast off a tri-coloured loaf. The Phrygian cap was a highly-favoured head gear, and many people illuminated their windows with miniature cardboard lighthouses containing revolving lights. Models of the Bastille, from a rough pasteboard copy to an elaborate metal representation of the old fortress, were sold in great numbers by the street vendors, another popular ware being the "Irrepressible Republic," a small statuette which always stood upright in whatever position it was laid down.

MR. STANLEY'S COLONISATION EFFORTS ON THE CONGO with the Belgian Expedition are stated to be highly successful in a communication from a Belgian Court official. Four stations are completed—Vivi, Isangila, Manyenga, and Stanley Pool—the first of these being above and the last below the rapids, while a road is being made between these two points. Although the expenses are large, and as yet are not in any way covered by commercial ventures, as had been hoped, the enterprise is quite satisfactory in every other particular, for during the three years Mr. Stanley has been at work in this region there has not been a single dispute with the natives. These stations are the beginning of African towns, which already possess their dwellings, gardens, and flag, ornamented with a golden star on a blue field, and each station is under the care of a white headman, with a white lieutenant and two assistants. The population consists of the neighbouring natives and Zanzibar negroes, of whom the latter have been engaged for three years.

LONDON MORTALITY somewhat increased last week, and 1,347 deaths were registered against 1,293, a rise of 54, but being 226 below the average, and at the rate of 18.1 per 1,000. There were 4 from small-pox (a fall of 2), 44 from measles (a rise of 11), 26 from scarlet fever (a decline of 2), 8 from diphtheria (a decline of 16), 65 from whooping-cough (a fall of 15), 14 from enteric fever, 3 from ill-defined forms of fever, 102 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 29), and 6 from simple cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 199 (being an increase of 26, and 12 above the average), of which 96 were attributed to bronchitis, and 55 to pneumonia. Three deaths were caused by alcoholism. Different forms of violence caused 46 deaths; 37 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 12 from fractures, 8 from drowning, 9 of infants from suffocation, and 7 from suicide. There were 2,483 births registered, against 2,443 during the previous week, being 77 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 59.8 deg., and 3.3 deg. below the average.

**CHARITABLE ITEMS.**—The Annual Report of the Earlwood Asylum shows that during the year ending March 31st, 1882, there was a total of 557 patients, 7 having been discharged greatly improved, 10 improved, and 1 having completely recovered. During the past year there have been 25 deaths, and although an epidemic of scarlet fever broke out among the inmates, only two cases proved fatal. There is accommodation for more patients, but no funds for their support. 302 inmates are usefully employed in trades, on land, and in domestic work, bringing in a profit of 279l. 16s. 3d. The attendants number 81. Help is much needed owing to the necessity of renewing the laundry machinery, which is entirely worn out. The expenses of the year ending December, 1881, amounted to 31,557l. 6s. 2d. Of this 6,800l. 7s. 6d. remains due for Christmas bills and loans. Subscriptions and donations may be sent to Messrs. Drummond, 49, Charing Cross.—Contributions are also asked in aid of the St. Giles's Christian Mission, which sends a record of its twenty-second year's work, and whose objects are to enable discharged prisoners to make a fresh start in life, providing them with tools, &c., to assist their families, and to keep others from falling into habits of vice. 133 cases were assisted during the year, and nearly all of them are employed at good wages. Donations received by the Treasurer, 54, Lombard Street, E.C.—The Leicester Square Hospice and Soup Kitchen is also much in need of funds in order to rebuild their old premises in Ham Yard, Great Windmill Street, St. James's, S.W. This charity, which, amongst other things, provides good soup for the poor during the winter, is one deserving of help, and donations will be received by the Treasurer, W. Ash, Esq., Tower House, Camden Road, N.W.

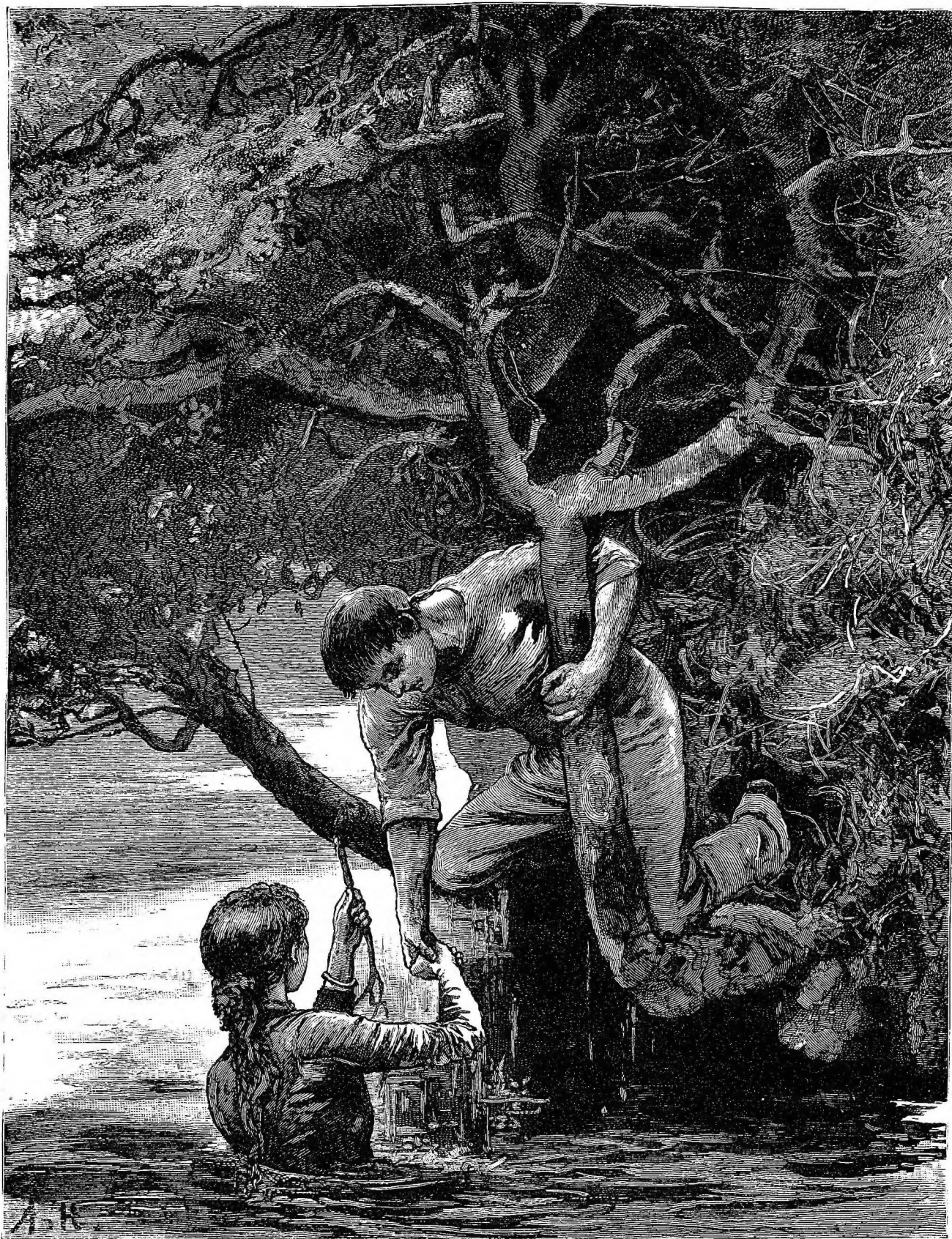




1. A Blow Out for Threepence.—2. Ammunition.—3. The Running Man (No. 1): Friend A—, “Keep it up, Brown;” Friend B—, “Give in Your Rifle, Old Man;” Friend C—, “Plenty of Room, Brown.”—4. The Running Man (No. 2).—5. The Chiffonier Brigade.—6. Laying their Heads Together After the Latest from Alexandria.—7. The Canadian Camp.

NOTES IN CAMP AT WIMBLEDON





DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

The long looked-for branch.

## KIT—A MEMORY

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &amp;c.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE "TUSK"

THE spot from which the voyagers to and from the Knoll landed and embarked, and on which the gate of its "wilderness" opened, was by no means an ordinary landing stage.

There was a fishermen's village, the inmates of which were on something more than "visiting terms" with the Medway family. Maud and her mother visited them indeed, but not with tract in hand, in the patron-mission manner. The villagers and she were the best of friends, and the children idolised her. It happened, therefore, that though the family barge and its inmates had got off with not much molestation, Maud and Kit, who were slower in their movements, became the victims of juvenile enthusiasm. Every child wanted a word or a pat on the head from Miss Maud, and she was too good-natured to refuse them. Her companion, though in general children were not much in his way (except in the obnoxious sense), secretly favoured this demonstration, since it prolonged delay. It was not often that he had the chance of a *tête à tête* with Maud Medway, and he greatly appreciated it.

She could not be said to shun him, but she did not seek his companionship, which on this occasion, as it will be remembered, had been imposed upon her by Trenna. She liked Kit very well, and enjoyed his society; but she preferred to enjoy it with others; and the reason was, though she had never acknowledged it even to her-

self, she was afraid of liking him too much. It is sad, but true, that there are people whom we like more than we respect, and better than those whom we respect; and this was the case in the present instance. She admired Kit's comeliness, his intelligence, and his geniality, but her regard for him was clouded with a doubt. In the case of words spoken against the powerful, we are informed that the birds of the air will carry the matter; but what one says and does in an English country town, whether in reference to the powerful or otherwise, are seeds caught up by every wind, and carried all over the neighbourhood to bear their crop in due or undue season. If all of us have not our enemies we have at least our detractors, and the Garston family was no exception to the rule. The head of it was unpopular even to a greater degree than a country attorney is bound to be—at all events, to some folks. The keeping of a gig was in Thurtell's days a proof of respectability, but Mr. Garston kept a carriage and pair, and yet had not succeeded in establishing that matter beyond dispute. Nobody quite knew where his money came from, nor indeed whether he really had any. His professional practice was small, and exceedingly sharp. His appearance, as we have seen, was far from impressive; his manner towards his inferiors was harsh, and to those above him in position too conciliatory. If it had not been for the attractions of his son and daughter, Mr. Garston the elder would have had much difficulty in getting into society at all. None but very dull or pretentious folks had ever found fault with Kit's manners—when he

wished to please. Indeed, it was whispered—and, when a whisper is wide spread it is as bad as anything spoken out—that in certain quarters he had been found only too irresistible; and that he had been sent to college (where he had now been two years) not so much for learning, which Mr. Garston, senior, despised, nor for tone and polish (of which the young man stood in no need), as to keep him out of mischief. There were rumours also of his extravagant habits, and of quarrels with his father in consequence of them, which it had taken all Trenna's address to heal.

Mark had heard these scandals, and had disbelieved them, as he would have disbelieved anything else said to his friend's discredit; and as Mark thought, so his mother thought. But Maud, who thought for herself, had concluded there could hardly be such volumes of smoke without a spark or two. She was not the sort of girl to gossip with her maid, but simple Lucy Deeds, who stood in no great awe of her kind young mistress, had now and then spoken of the "goings on" at the White House (as Mr. Garston's residence was called, where her brother Abel was in service) in a manner that was rather alarming.

All this however—for she was a true woman (that is, a bit of a hypocrite)—you would never have guessed from her manner when in Kit's company; nor, with all his cleverness, did he guess it. He thought her light indifferent way with him was natural to her, and a proof that she cared little for him. In the case of any other girl he would have felt piqued at this, and even angry, but in Maud it grieved



him; because he loved her. He often shot an arrow at her in hopes to hit a soft spot in her heart which she turned aside as it were with a wicker shield.

"Are you going to trust me with the tiller ropes, Kit?" she inquired as she lightly took her seat in the skiff.

"Of course I am," and as the boat shot from the shore he added in a lower tone, "I would trust you with anything."

The sentiment was one which, as we have said, she could hardly have reciprocated in any case, but the expression of it, so early on the voyage, made her almost wish that it was over.

"I am not such a good coxswain as Trenna, remember," she answered.

"You have nothing to guard against except the Tusk, which is very sharp though often concealed, like the sting in a lady's speech," replied Kit, who was a little annoyed by her ignoring of his pretty compliment.

"You misquote the metaphor," she answered gaily: "the keenness of the tooth is compared by Shakespeare to man's ingratitude."

It was injudicious of her to venture upon the poets.

"To that sarcasm," he answered, "since you are for quotations, I can honestly reply, 'Sweet, it hurts not.' I may be worthless, Maud, but I am not ungrateful."

"I am sure you are not, though indeed I am not aware that I have ever laid you under any obligation."

"I am sorry for it," he answered simply.

"Sorry for what?"

"Sorry that you do not think I am under an obligation to you."

If he had expected she would reply "Under what obligation?" he was mistaken. There was a tenderness in his tone which put her more on her guard than ever. Since she could not parry him with a joke as usual, she resolved to adopt the rôle of sister, which their long friendship and familiarity permitted her to do.

"Really, Kit, your modesty overwhelms me. If it comes to obligation the indebtedness is ours, not yours. But for you we should not now have Mark with us, and what would the Knoll be without Mark? If anything had happened to him I do believe I should have lost my mother also."

"Yes," he answered thoughtfully, "they always remind me of that line in *Circumstance*, 'Two lives bound up in one in golden ease.' I cannot picture one apart from the other; while their confidence in the future as bringing no change is so touching, and"—he added after a pause—"so pitiful."

"But change is not necessarily for the worse," observed Maud, eager for the security of philosophic argument.

"In their case it can hardly be for the better," he answered; "that is the one advantage in being miserable; one hopes, though one is generally a fool for hoping, that things must mend."

"You must know very little about misery, Kit: to judge by your high spirits you ought to be the happiest of men."

He shook his head and dipped the oar blade lightly in the water. The tide had slackened and gave them little aid; their progress was but slow. "You are mistaken there, Maud; and as to being the happiest of men—good Heavens!" He laughed bitterly, then added with gratitude, "Not but that there are possibilities of such a thing even for me; I might be made so."

Maud felt her colour rising, and strove to keep it down in vain. "Oh, as to that," she said, "I believe that the happiness of all of us rests with ourselves." The platitude of her remark still further betrayed her embarrassment, and she knew it.

"Your mother, for example," he answered.

"Well, mamma is an exception; she is not so much herself as herself and Mark."

"Say, rather 'Mark and herself,' he put in, smiling: "he is the substance, she the shadow."

"And yet you who saved him for her would have me think that we are under no obligation. What a terrible fate, too, was that from which you delivered him! Mamma has never had the courage even to speak of it."

"Yes; an early death is of itself no great misfortune, perhaps, for many a man; but the manner of it would in his case have been exceptionally painful—at all events to think of."

"How was it exactly?"

"You must have heard it a hundred times."

"Never from the one person qualified to tell it."

"Well, we were alone together, Mark and I. It was the Saturday half holiday, and we had gone to the sand cliff, where they find the scythes. Each man has his burrow there, just as you see in the silver mines above Mogadion, but they were taking holiday like ourselves. In the sheds outside they had left their picks and shovels, which, as it turned out, was lucky. Most of the tunnels are safe enough, well propped with fir stakes; but in others the owners are too poor, or too careless, to take that precaution, or they have sold their stakes for drink, and chance it. They dig in constant danger. Like living in a house with a roof but without walls. Being schoolboys it was, of course, one of the unsafe ones we chose for our explorations."

"I always heard," interposed Maud, "that Mark ran in before you could stop him, and that you followed at the risk of your own life."

"Well, I was older and knew the danger better; moreover I saw that the tunnel in question had fallen into disuse, a sign of its being very perilous; so I ran in after him, and called, 'Come out, come out!' Perhaps, my voice brought down the sand, in which case Mark had nothing to thank me for, but at all events down it came."

"How horrible! What did it feel like?"

"Like what it was; we were buried alive. Mark had turned at my cry, and was coming towards me, but of course I was nearer to the adit. The sand was in my mouth, my ears, my nostrils; it clung around me as though it were taking a cast of every limb; but fortunately it was dry; if it had been damp I should not have been here this evening in the cool summer weather talking to you, Maud."

"No, indeed; but I am thankful to say you are here. Well, what did you do then?"

"With a great effort, I managed to scramble through the sand, as one plunges through a snowdrift, and found myself outside; for the moment I fancy I must have lost my senses; for I don't remember picking up the spade. Heavens! how I dug till I saw Mark's arm sticking out like a dead branch, and then how I pulled. It makes me hot to think of it even now."

"On the contrary, it makes me shiver to listen to you," cried Maud, excitedly. "How near you must both of you have been to Death!"

"Mark was certainly near it. His face was quite white and very wet, as though he had been dipping it in the river here, and he was utterly unconscious. I took the sand out of his mouth, and tried to restore animation. It was not quite what Dr. Meade would have done, no doubt, but at all events it answered. After a minute or two he breathed my name, just 'Kit,' but it was the most welcome sound I had ever listened to."

"No wonder Mark is so fond of you," said Maud, gently; "if any one had saved my life like that I should have been theirs for ever."

"Then how I wish it had been your life."

She had been imprudent, no doubt, in affording him such an opportunity; she had 'teed' the ball for him, as a golf-player would say, and it was no wonder, being quick and bold, that he had taken advantage of it. His tone was so tender and so eager that it was impossible to treat his rejoinder as a joke; or to reply to it otherwise than as to a serious aspiration.

"One can't have all one wishes," she answered, gravely, "and

as Mr. Penryn said in his sermon last Sunday, it is often fortunate for us that we cannot."

"Still there are some things that we can give to one another if we please," pleaded Garston, softly. "There is, for example, no wish of yours, dear Maud, which I would not gratify if it were in my power."

"Then please, Kit, to drop this subject."

The answer was curt, no doubt; but Maud was driven to desperation. She was frightened for herself, lest she should yield to this bold wooer, whom she really liked in so many ways; and alarm when it becomes despair is a sort of courage. Christopher Garston was a very clever fellow, but the reading of a woman's heart was beyond his powers; if he could have read it now he would have disobeyed Maud's orders, and like the valiant sea captain who would not see his admiral's signals to cease firing, his insubordination might have won the day. As it was he took her words in dudgeon, and for reply only plied his oars with reckless vigour. They flew on in silence down the wooded reach, till suddenly there was a sharp crash; the frail skiff went to pieces under them in an instant, and they found themselves in the river.

"The cool silver shock" of the stream wherein you take your "header," and for which you are prepared, is a very different thing from the sensation of sudden shipwreck; but Kit had all his wits about him, and his arm around Maud's waist in a moment, as though he had been a lover on land. There was ground beneath his feet, though very little of it, nor was the stream above his shoulders, but it was so strong that he could only stand in it by taking hold of the sharp rock in front of him that had caused the catastrophe. For the moment Maud had no distinct impression of anything except that she was half drowned, but she knew that the stream was carrying her feet from under her, and that Kit's arm alone sustained her.

"Oh, Kit, where is the boat?"

"The boat has gone to pieces, darling, but you shall be saved."

His tone was confident, but his mind was very far from being so. On both sides of them the current ran swift and deep. The Tusk itself, on which they had come to grief, had only one jagged tip out of water, and the tide was rising. It was with great difficulty even now that he could maintain his footing with such an incumbrance as poor dripping Maud upon his arm. He looked to left and right in vain for any sign of aid; except by themselves and the fishermen of the village, who were now at sea, and would not return till evening, the river was little used by any one. Doubtless she read in his face the fears that belied his words.

"You are a strong swimmer, Kit," she cried, with a shiver of terror, "but you can never get to land with me."

"I can and I will," he answered, boldly.

"No, no; that will be to drown us both," she murmured. "Can I not cling to the rock till you get help?"

"The Tusk is almost under water now," he answered, in quick grave tones, "and will serve even to hold on to but a few minutes longer. We must take our chance. Listen, Maud. Our deliverance lies more in your hands than in mine. If you cling to me, save where I tell you, we shall both perish, but if you hold by my braces—have you got them tight? that will leave my arms free, and you will be supported by my shoulders. Do not struggle, but trust to me."

"I do, I will," she murmured.

"Take breath; keep cool; have courage; Mark has told you that I was the best swimmer of all Ludlow's boys; and for once he did not flatter me. Are you ready?—off."

Alone he would have plunged into the stream like an otter; but with his heavy burthen, and doubtful (as he afterwards observed) whether the cargo would not "shift," he had to use great precaution. He was obliged to forego all the advantage of an impetus, and to take the water more like a boat than a man. The next minute, however, he was battling with the stream; his eyes fixed on a little promontory they had just passed. Every limb and muscle were doing their uttermost, and his lungs working like a forcing pump; but of all that he was unconscious; his mind was where his eyes were; if he could only reach that branch which swept the water yonder all would be well; and he would have given ten years of his life to grasp it.

Maud behaved to admiration. At first she was terribly frightened; the common phrase "only a plank between us and eternity" was by comparison with her case an expression of security. The plank would have made all the difference in the world to her. Drenched, breathless, frigid, with some power unseen ever striving to drag her downwards, none, who have not known what it is to feel the dark waters of death closing in upon them, can picture what she felt; but Kit's bold words "I can and I will" ever rang in her ears, and Kit's advice, "Do not struggle, trust to me," were the lessons her pale dumb lips rehearsed throughout that awful passage. Three times the wave passed over her face: once she sank beneath it: it was plain that Kit had over-rated his powers though not his courage; he never lost heart, but strength and breath only just sufficed to accomplish what he had set them to do.

It was well that the long looked-for branch hung where it did, since, but for its friendly aid, it would have been difficult for him, even when they reached the bank, to climb it.

After they had taken breath, and were standing in safety, hand in hand upon the little promontory, Maud looked back upon the river.

"Oh, Kit, what a risk you ran for my sake," exclaimed she with heartfelt gratitude. "You might have saved yourself with ease."

"Myself!" he interrupted, scornfully; "what would life have been to me without you? But come, you are wet and shivering. I must take you home at a run if possible."

The proposition was welcome to her, since it precluded further talk; indeed, save for a word or two of encouragement, he said no more to her till they reached the village. So tender were her feelings towards him, that if he had put Love's question at that time it would, without doubt, have had the reply he longed for; but, as it was, he had spoken at once too much and too little. There had been nothing definite in that "What would life have been without you?" and certainly nothing binding. On the other hand it had been very significant; nor was it likely that he had forgotten what Maud had said not half an hour before, though with no idea of its application to her own case, "If any one had saved my life I should have been theirs for ever."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE TWO COUNSELLORS

MEADE and Trenna of course had heard the news of the safety of the missing ones when they reached the village, while a mounted messenger from the Knoll had met the carriage folks on the road with the same glad tidings. It was received with great delight by all, but with a difference; by Mrs. Medway, for example, with devotional thankfulness, and by Trenna with a sort of ecstatic rapture.

It would have been hardly an exaggeration to say that her brother was her divinity, and where such feelings in respect to kinship are very powerful the religious instinct is generally in inverse proportion. Mr. Garston, who had kept most command over his feelings even when matters were in doubt, took what the gods had given him—or at least had not taken away from him—without much demonstration of gratitude. To a cynic, who had heard the Mogadion gossip, it might perhaps have occurred that the idea of a recommendation of outgoings had entered into the attorney's mind coincidentally with his son's safety; and it is certainly curious how the letters L. S. D.

will sometimes, like those engraved on a shop-window, interfere with the exhibition from without.

Again, none rejoiced more than Frank Meade at Maud's safety (as for Kit it is enough to say that Frank would have risked his own life for him—as he would have done for anybody else); but it was undoubtedly a painful thought to him that she owed her safety to Christopher Garston. He was not jealous of that young man in the ordinary sense; indeed, considering what we know of his late adventures with Miss Trenna, it would have been monstrous indeed had he entertained such a feeling; he did not even say to himself, "How I wish the opportunity of saving Maud Medway had presented itself to me instead of to that fellow!" But he greatly regretted that it had offered itself to Kit. He felt that the circumstance would draw the tie of friendship between him and the family at the Knoll more tightly than before; and he had never approved of that friendship.

As to Mark, the late catastrophe of his friend and sister, or rather their escape from it, affected him in a very curious way. He was thankful beyond measure that they had been spared to him, for he loved them both, the one hardly less than the other; it was almost as difficult for him to imagine how the world would look to him without Kit in it, as to picture the Knoll without Maud, and to have lost sister and friend at one fell stroke would have prostrated him indeed. But for him, too, in the circumstances of Maud's rescue, there was something of bitterness. He did not grudge Kit his share of it, *quâ* Kit; indeed, since he had not rescued her himself he was glad that it had fallen to his friend's lot to do it; but it annoyed him to reflect that had he been in Kit's place Maud would undoubtedly have perished. What gave him something worse than annoyance, a sense of inferiority, was that when the question of help had arisen, Meade, and not he, had been the one to fly to the rescue; and with him—and this was a positive humiliation—had flown Trenna. He, Mark Medway, a man, had remained behind with his mother, and gone home like useless baggage in the waggone, while Trenna Garston, a girl, had done her best to save his sister from a watery grave.

Such self-upbraidings were of course irrational. To be an indifferent oar, and a clumsy swimmer, are neither of them moral offences; and it was plain that, with all the goodwill in the world, no person unskilled in rowing and swimming would in the case in question have been of any use. Nevertheless Mark despised himself for these shortcomings, and brooded over what had happened in a manner very unbecoming an antiquary and a philosopher: and the circumstance seemed in his mother's eyes to develop that very faculty of despondency which above all things she dreaded to see in him, lest it might be there by inheritance.

Like Job he had his two comforters in Frank and Kit, and to do them justice they showed themselves much more sympathetic than Eliphaz and Bildad. Their treatment of his case was indeed altogether different. At one time they endeavoured to show that he was an excellent character, most unnecessarily and unjustly troubled; and at another they chaffed him.

"One can't do everything, old fellow, you know," said Eliphaz, "and you who are such a swell at antiquities cannot be expected to excel in modern accomplishments. Any fool can swim and row."

"I didn't even know in what part of the river, though I had lived by it almost all my days," murmured Mark, woefully, "that hateful Tusk was."

"Why should you?" urged Meade (who of course was Bildad, the second fiddle). "Is it not enough to know a Druid stone when you see it, and even to be able to decipher the old Cornish inscription on it?"—this was a playful allusion to a certain case, analogous to the famous mistake in the *Antiquary*, where poor Mark had signally failed. "Is it not enough, I say, to be on familiar terms with anything old-world, without being acquainted with a mere modern erection like the Tusk—I dare say not a thousand years old."

"Then to think of Trenna," continued Mark, pacing to and fro impatiently, and without paying the least regard to the well-meant banter of his friends, "to think of a girl like Trenna."

"If you talk of her in that contemptuous way," interrupted Kit, "I'll tell her."

"Pshaw, I don't mean *that*, of course she's one in a thousand, and as to rowing, she has the pluck and skill of a Grace Darling."

"Come, that's much better," said Kit, encouragingly. "I'll tell her you say she is a darling."

But chaff and argument were equally thrown away upon Mark. He took his uselessness to heart in what was really a very strange way, and which might have alarmed even a less anxious mother than Mrs. Medway.

She had, however, the great advantage of possessing two counsellors devoted to her interests, one, as we have said, who knew her story, and could judge better than most men whether Mark's present behaviour had any connection with it; the other, not in possession of that secret, but who was thoroughly acquainted with Mark's character, namely, his friend and tutor, Mr. Penryn. Having to choose between the clergyman and the doctor, the lady naturally decided on consulting the former first; and under pretence of "shopping" in Mogadion, she ordered her little carriage with the Exmoor ponies one afternoon, while "the young people" were at lawn tennis (a phrase which as usual did not include Mark, who was in his own room), and drove over to the Rectory.

This was situated on the seashore in a little wooded bay, very picturesque and retired. It was one of the oldest houses in the place, but stood altogether outside the town. Indeed, the town had early deserted both it and the church (which was beside it) for the larger and more convenient bay which formed the harbour, a circumstance which would not have wounded the feelings of the present incumbent, even if it had occurred in his time instead of a hundred years ago. The Rector loved his fellow-creatures—his grave benevolent face and kind blue eyes convinced you of the fact at sight; but he preferred them at a distance. He was willing enough to go to them when they wanted him, but he did not encourage visits. No one ever did him the injustice to call him a misanthrope; but his neighbours thought him a bit of a hermit, and from their point of view they were right. His world lay in his books, and when he had done his parish duties, or had partaken of the hospitalities which he could not decline without discourtesy, he returned to his world with eagerness, and plunged into the vortex of archaeology.

His favourite haunt was an old-fashioned summer house in his garden close by the sea, where, with a book in his hand, and his forefinger on his cheek, as though he would impose silence on the Universe, his studies pursued him. The inversion of the usual expression suited his case exactly. Whenever he was alone and comfortably seated, there came into his brain unsummoned some picture of the Past, not of his own past, for his life had been so uneventful as scarce to admit of illustration, but of the prehistoric time in which, in a sense, he dwelt. Though an ecclesiastic himself, it is not too much to say that he felt a more mystic reverence for the Druidical priesthood than for any other. To hear the mistletoe spoken of lightly (as it is apt to be at Christmas time by the young and thoughtless) distressed his feelings, nor did he ever find himself among the sacred stones, especially when they were arranged in a circle—which marks a family burial place—without baring his grey head as though in presence of the dead of to-day. If he had had his way, I believe he would have made it a *sine quâ non* in all Cabinet Councils that the Ministers should sit on stones, to which custom his favourite sect attached the utmost importance, instead of chairs. He pretended, indeed, that Science rather than Superstition dictated this preference; and even



went so far as to remark on one occasion in Dr. Meade's presence, that "it was certainly very curious how almost all ancient nations assigned a certain virtue to stones. Sleeping upon them for example, the Druids thought, was a cure for lameness."

"Did they, by jingo!" broke in the Doctor. "I will answer for it that nine out of ten were made worse by it, and the tenth man crippled for life."

And, indeed, unless rheumatism is a modern invention, it is probable that his view of the stone-couch cure was the correct one. Nothing made the Doctor so furious as, when he in his turn was eulogising the remedies of the past at the expense of those of the present, to liken him to the Rector.

The antagonism between these two worthies made the keeping in with both of them a delicate and difficult task for Mrs. Medway, and caused her present visit to Mr. Penryn, for the purpose of taking counsel of him as to what should be done with Mark, to be made as secretly and discreetly as though he were some ancient sibyl. If the Doctor should come to know of it he would naturally have thought himself the proper person to whom she should have applied for consultation and advice.

Mrs. Medway found the Rector in his bower poring over his books, from which he ordinarily separated himself to receive people with the alacrity of a fly from tianle; in the present case, however, he rose willingly enough, and offered his visitor a seat which would have been a low one but for a quarto volume which reposed upon it.

"You here, my dear Mrs. Medway, and without Mark! This is, indeed, an honour."

"I wish Mark had been with me," returned the old lady, naively. "The fact is, my dear Mr. Penryn, it is upon his account that I have called upon you."

"That takes the gilt off the gingerbread," answered the Rector, smiling; "however, that you have come at all is a thing to be thankful for. I hope Miss Maud has quite recovered from the effects of her late adventure."

"Oh, Maud is all right, Mr. Penryn, it is Mark, poor fellow, who has suffered from it."

"But he wasn't in it," argued the Rector, amused at what he considered this new proof of the widow's idolatry to her son; "however he may have wept for Maud's misfortune, he couldn't have got so wet as she did."

"Oh, it isn't that; he is not sorry for her, but for himself; that's what makes me so miserable about him."

The Rector eyes had opened pretty wide already; his mouth now began to follow their example.

"Oh, indeed," he gasped, "it seems a very bad case."

"It is, Mr. Penryn," answered the lady, gravely, "and may be sadder yet;" and then she told him all about it. How Mark reproached himself and moped, and had lost his health and spirits, without any natural explanation of the matter. "Frank Meade, who is a very sensible young fellow, you know, thinks Mark would be the better for seeing more of the world."

"Does he?" grunted the Rector.

"Well, you know, for a young man," pleaded Mrs. Medway, who knew what the grunt meant, "it is not well to be alone, or what is as good as being alone, to be surrounded by a parcel of women."

"You think that as good as being alone, do you?" inquired Mr. Penryn, slyly.

"I say for a young man," reiterated the widow. "It is really abominable of you, Mr. Penryn, when I come here to consult you—instead of going to Dr. Meade, which perhaps I should have done—to turn all that I tell you into ridicule. Mark is really in a state of mind which gives me serious cause for apprehension."

"I hope not that," said the Rector, soothingly, sobered at once by this allusion to his rival, "but I can easily believe he is troubled in mind; he promised to verify some quotation in *Borlase* for me by Monday, which he would certainly have done had he been himself. Mark is the very soul of punctuality."

"He is indeed," murmured Mrs. Medway, unctuously, as though he had been called the "soul of honour."

"In that respect he might have been a very Druid," continued the Rector, reflectively. "In order to give weight and importance to their public assemblies they practised the custom of cutting to pieces whomsoever came last. This diminished in time the attendance, but insured promptness; perhaps it was the origin of our present fashionable phrase, 'Small and early.'"

"Perhaps," assented Mrs. Medway; "but you are wandering from the point as to what is to be done with Mark. What do you think of sending him for a few terms to the University?"

"A few terms!" echoed the Rector. "When you send a lad to College it is like gathering the Marshwort (or *Samolus*)—or as Medea gathered her magical herbs—there must be no looking behind you; he must take his degree."

"Oh, but that would take three years," expostulated the widow; "I could never spare Mark for three years. I only thought of the University as a little change for him."

"The University would feel greatly flattered, I am sure," said the Rector, "to be thus recommended like Malvern or Buxton for a fit of the blues. Are you aware, my dear madam, that among the Druids education took no less than twenty years for its accomplishment, and no one was capable of a public employment without it? However, perhaps, as you say—though I shall be very sorry personally, to lose him—a few terms at Oxford—"

"But I thought of sending him to Cambridge," put in the widow, "so that he could be with his friend Kit, you know. You see no objection to that, do you?" For the Rector's face had suddenly become very grave.

"Well, I never thought of Cambridge. Why, goodness gracious, they would make him learn mathematics at Cambridge!"

"Do you think that would be bad for him?" inquired the widow, apprehensively.

"I think it would be a degradation of his intellect, madam. A man who, being yet a minor, has corrected the antiquary *Borlase* in more than one particular, should hardly be set to learn, for example, logarithms."

"I know you are not fond of Kit," said Mrs. Medway; "but you cannot deny that Kit is fond of Mark."

The remark seemed altogether devoid of pertinence, but it brought the colour into the Rector's wrinkled cheek. It was not after all, it seemed, the fear of Mark's being taught mathematics which had led him to suggest Oxford and not Cambridge.

"Besides," continued Mrs. Medway, "if Kit's society could have harmed Mark it would have harmed him long ago, Mr. Penryn."

"I never said Christopher Garston's society harmed Mark," said the Rector, "and I readily admit that he never meant to harm him."

"Very good, then we may dismiss that notion altogether. Now, on the other hand, upon all worldly matters Kit is qualified to advise Mark."

"No doubt," said the Rector, in a tone that implied, "he has a superiority of that kind of knowledge, I don't deny."

"Altogether," said Mrs. Medway, "I think it's the best thing to be done. What do you say?"

"My dear madam, when I see that a lady has made up her mind I never say anything. As for me—speaking selfishly—I deplore the resolution you have come to. I shall miss Mark more than I can say."

"Of course you will," rejoined the widow, simply; "but how much more shall I miss him? It is only the necessity of the case, you may be sure, that compels me to suggest such a course. I am sincerely glad to find, however, that it meets with your approval."

The Rector smiled a little sardonically.

"Then we shall have him back," she added, consolingly, "in the vacations just the same as ever."

"You think so. My dear madam, it was the custom of the priestesses of Bacchus to unroof his temple, and to endeavour to restore it, before sunset, in exactly the same condition as before. If one of the ladies omitted to replace a stone in its exact position she was put to death."

"That must have made them very careful," observed the widow.

"No doubt; but for all that, the temple was never the same temple. And this will be the case with Mark."

Mrs. Medway laughed at this as she would have laughed at any suggestion of change in her beloved son, and took her leave well pleased. If the Rector had not fallen into her plans with effusion, he had, at all events, made no serious objection to them.

Flushed with success, she resolved to call upon the Doctor on her way home, and obtain, if possible—so superfluous are women in their wants and ways—another opinion in favour of her own ideas.

It is but fair, perhaps, to add that she was a little alarmed lest the Doctor should hear of her having consulted the Rector from any other lips but her own. I am afraid she gave that excellent physician to understand that Mr. Penryn's opinion had been a more casual one than it had actually been, while, on the other hand, she by no means exaggerated the Rector's sympathy with her scheme. She knew human nature, or, at all events, her present companion, better than to do that.

"You see Mr. Penryn is a University man himself, Doctor; and he has his fears about mathematics, and so forth; in short, that dear Mark's brain may be overwrought."

"By study at college!" returned the Doctor acidly; "you may set your mind at rest as to that, madam."

"Well now, that is just what I wanted to hear from you, my dear Dr. Meade. You know Mark so thoroughly, and yet, as I understand, you see no objection to his going to Cambridge more than to Oxford?"

The Doctor pushed out his lower lip, which was his manner of expressing contemptuous indifference.

"I see no more objection to Tweedledum than to Tweedledee," was his not very encouraging reply.

"Yes, but at Cambridge, remember, Mark will have Kit, at all events for a month or two, to advise him, and see that he does not get into scrapes."

"Ah indeed! well I should think Kit, as you call him, was not without experience in that way."

It was curious how both the Rector and the Doctor, who agreed in nothing else, were at one upon the subject of Christopher Garston. Their common prejudice on this matter however made very little impression upon Mrs. Medway. Kit was her son's bosom friend, and therefore her friend, and though she could not but perceive his unpopularity with her two counsellors, she ignored it.

"Young men will be young men," she said; "I dare say Christopher Garston is not faultless. But my son Mark, as you know, Doctor, is very different from the common type."

"He is different now, madam, because his bringing up has been different. Nay, I don't mean to say he is not an excellent good fellow, and will always remain so, but the simplicity which is so attractive to us all will vanish if you send him elsewhere. Perhaps, however, you have made up your mind to a change in him."

Mrs. Medway had made up her mind for nothing of the sort. It staggered her not a little that both Dr. Meade and Mr. Penryn should have warned her that Mark might not return from college the same Mark she had sent there; but she had thought out her plan already with too many tears to be disheartened anew about it. And the necessity of something being done with him seemed imperative.

(To be continued)



THE finished style and delicate manner of Mr. Julian Sturgis do not find their fittest field in work of the length of "Dick's Wandering" (3 vols.: Blackwood and Sons). The novel is exceedingly easy and pleasant to read, but, with all its charm, it fails to lay hold of the mind, and, therefore, to linger in the memory. Everything about it is too finely spun and too smoothly polished down, while the plot itself is very much too thin. It is very much the reverse of interesting to read for about the ten thousandth time in fiction how a young man and a young woman misread one another's characters and played at very unnecessary cross purposes until space, rather than dramatic necessity, called for a final chapter. For that matter, since the end is foreseen from the outset, the last chapter might have come much more effectively as soon as Kitty Holman had made herself understood by the reader. Her portrait is the triumph of the book—it is that of an American girl of the very best pattern taken from life, with all her piquant peculiarities thick upon her: a perhaps unique attempt to treat a serious heroine from the humorous side. The Dick, whose wanderings in body and mind give their title to the story, is a young English country gentleman with very decided views of his own upon things in general, and upon the Land Question in particular. He is a fine fellow—an agreeable sort of prig, with a touch of genuine enthusiasm, whose best qualities are the source of occasional but never serious trouble to himself and his friends. These friends of his are, it must be owned, exceedingly vague and shadowy creations, even his cousin Ossie, whose feebleness of intellect is intended to perplex the reader as the study of a strangely complicated character, but only succeeds in being tiresome. Mere silliness is never a satisfactory subject for psychological study. On the whole, the volumes are lively enough, and skim over the surface of politics and society as lightly and airily as the idler of readers can desire. The style is admirable for its ease and finish. The real fault of the whole is that Mr. Sturgis has attempted to paint an entire portrait gallery instead of contenting himself with a miniature. What he has attempted demands a larger view and a much rougher pen.

Lady Pollock, in "The Story of Marie Dumont, a Farmer's Daughter" (1 vol.: Bentley and Son), has succeeded so well in catching the tone of the most harmless and inoffensive sort of French fiction that it might pass for a translation. In other respects it is an old-fashioned story of virtue exposed to many trials, and issuing from them triumphant and happy. The form, being that of a long letter from one sister to another, is also appropriate to a plan and colouring that have long ago fallen out of date—perhaps undeservedly. But among many lost merits of style and motive, Lady Pollock has also revived many old-fashioned blemishes. Her characters are too obviously cut out to serve for warnings against wickedness: they are less human beings than abstract types of evil. In like manner the virtuous people have the air of having been manufactured for the occasion. Perhaps the best way of giving a general idea of the novelette is to say that it might be looked for in some collection of stories published, say, some sixty years ago under a general title of "Moral Tales." This is an age of revivals, and "The Story of Marie Dumont" must be in some sense considered a revival of which the merit, as a *tour de force*, is great, but the chances of success something more than doubtful. It would certainly have been well liked in the time to which it naturally belongs.

"Unfairly Won," a novel, by Nannie Power O'Donoghue (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall) has a double-barrelled title, inasmuch as it refers to the unfair winning of both the Blue Ribbon of the Turf and a lady. About horses Mrs. O'Donoghue evidently knows a great deal, and a great deal also about the stable tricks and the stable slang which have gathered about her favourites. "Unfairly Won" must certainly be classed as a sporting novel, into which John Scott the trainer, his brother William, beside Chifney and other heroes of the Turf, are introduced by name as leading characters. But, in other aspects, the novel is sentimental to an even mawkish degree: and the combination of sentiment and Turfiness proves eminently unpleasing. We are told that all the principal characters, including a priest with whom the heroine falls in love and who conquers passion for his vow's sake, are untouched portraits and veritable life studies. We should have taken them for merely selections from the common stock-in-trade of fiction, and must therefore congratulate Mrs. O'Donoghue on having found in life what her predecessors have had to be content with imagining.

"The Shackles of an Old Love," by "Mara" (Mrs. Wilkin)—(1 vol.: W. H. Allen and Co.), is one of those wonderful studies of life in which all the characters, though completely English, talk and write to one another in a mixed jargon of English and French the like of which was never heard or read out of the pages of a certain sort of novel. Such exclamations as "Mon Dieu de Paradis!" are common in their mouths as household words, and the *dramatis persone* are apt, in their desperate moods, to quote Chateaubriand at one another, or to drop into more or less inapt phrases from modern English poetry. The heroine is "A delicious dream, half sensuous, half divine," with a *svelte* figure, and a face "redeemed from the inane proportions of a Clytie-like perfection." She also has "a dazzling but ominous gleam of teeth," and marries one man while loving and beloved by another—a man of whose memory she was unable to make a holocaust: a mysterious feat only outdone by his declaring that he would make of his love-memories a Pole Star and an Endymion. We must suppose that for Mrs. Wilkin "Ouida" must to some extent be held accountable, and there is no reason to think that the admirers of the school in general will fail to extend their favour to this its latest outcome. A minority of readers, however, are certain to find "The Shackles of an Old Love" desperately dull—unless indeed they care for being somewhat ill-naturedly amused by what professes to be pictures of life and passion.



"THE RASPBERRY AND STRAWBERRY" (*Bazaar* Office) is as practical as the other volumes of this useful series. Mr. Fish fully discusses the varieties, soils, and general and special cultivation of both plants. Naturally the strawberry gets the lion's share of this book; albeit the raspberry is classical, and from its epithet, *Idean*, makes us think of Paris and CEnone gathering it for lunch. Its brother, the blackberry, is successfully cultivated in America. Why not at home? for though Mr. Fish says "Many of the New World blackberries are said to almost equal our raspberries in flavour," we think most readers will agree with us that very few raspberries are as good as a well-ripened blackberry.

"The Year Book of the Church" (Elliot Stock) contains, along with much other matter, the utterances and letters of the Bishops; a summary of what Convocation has done; and an account of the Church in Ireland, Scotland, the Colonies, the United States, &c. On the whole, the record of work and progress is satisfactory; though one is startled to find that four of the seven entries for January, 1881, refer to Church Association cases. It is also noteworthy that, though the disestablished Irish Church manages its money with rigorous care, and has received over two millions and a quarter in contributions during the last eleven years, it cannot look forward to offering incumbents more than a miserable average of 196*l.* a year. This does not say much for the voluntary principle.

In one of Elia's best papers a girl tells how, being allowed the run of a library, she grew up in the faith of Islam through much reading of Sale's Koran. Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has not gone so far as this; for, in his "Speeches and Table-talk of Mohammed" (Macmillan) he admits that the prophet was ignorant and superstitious, with much that is unworthy to qualify his real nobleness. The speeches he divides into four periods—the poetic, the rhetorical, the argumentative, and the period of harangue (at Medina). All, especially the first class, deal largely in hell fire, but, as Mr. Poole remarks, Christians do the same every Sunday in the year, to say nothing of Lent. What he calls Table-talk is the tradition—unfortunately of very doubtful authenticity—on which (and not on the Koran) Mohammedan law is chiefly based. One would be sorry to think the prophet really said: "A bell is the Devil's musical instrument," and "Every painter is in hell fire." Mr. Poole's selections, coupled with his masterly introduction, give a better idea of Mohammedanism than many elaborate treatises.

Mr. Willis Cooke's "Emerson" has been speedily followed by Mr. A. Ireland's "In Memoriam: Ralph Waldo Emerson" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), a reprint, much enlarged, from the *Manchester Examiner*. Mr. Cooke sought to give an estimate of Emerson's philosophy; Mr. Ireland confines himself chiefly to the facts of the great essayist's life, and what friends and admirers have written about him. The appendix contains very interesting extracts from Emerson's letters to Carlyle, and to Mr. Ireland himself.

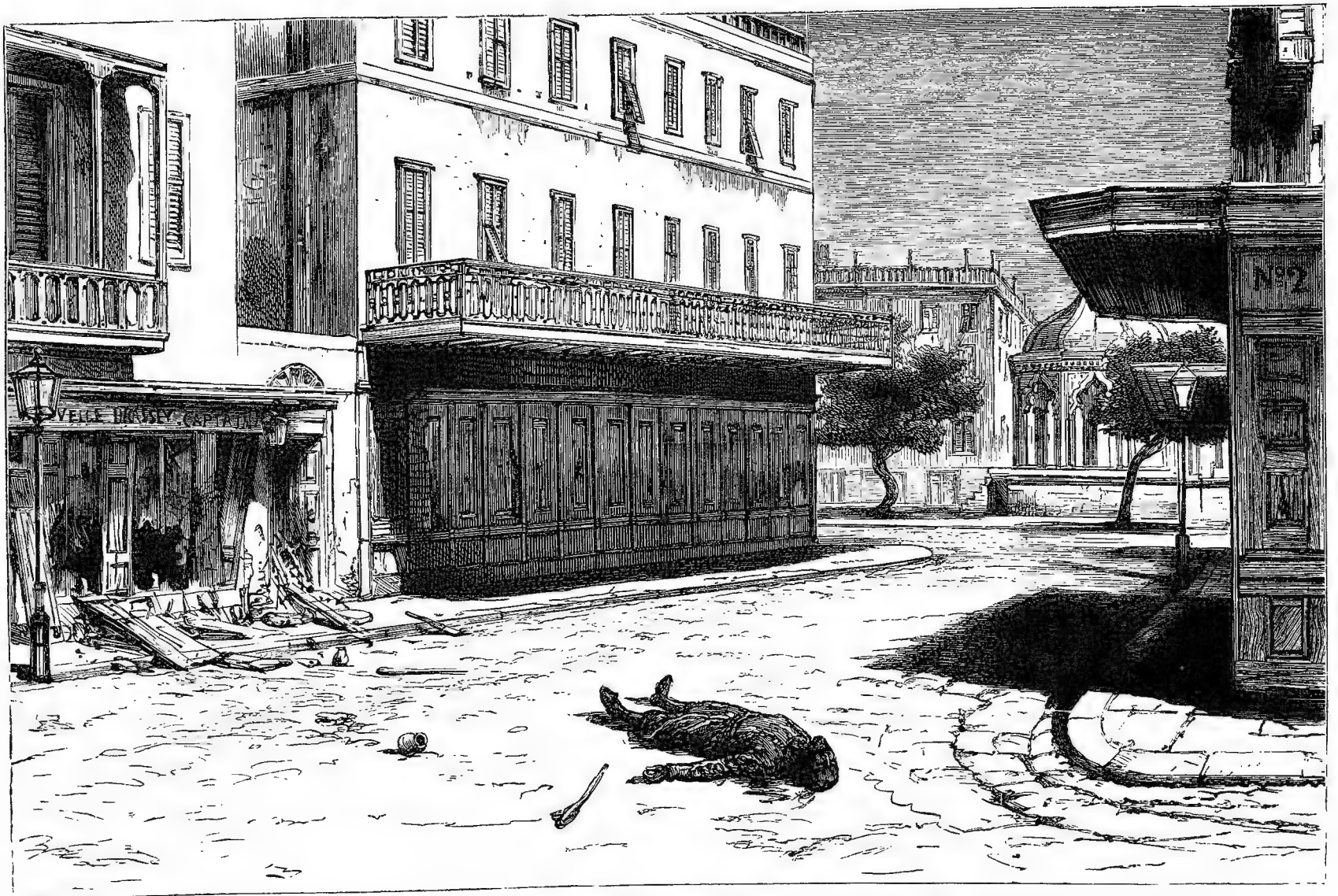
All that Frank Buckland left behind him deserves to be lovingly treasured, and we are glad that his "Notes and Jottings from Animal Life" (Smith, Elder, and Co.) have been collected from *Land and Water*, and that Mr. Bompas promises us a like volume by and by. Few men have ever been so much at home with what to most of us are wild creatures as Mr. Buckland. In his hands otters grew tame, and *suricates* (African prairie-dogs); while with seals he got on almost as well as Lecompte, "the seal's friend," immortalised in a kindly and appreciative chapter. His monkeys, especially Carrotty Jane, are delightful; and he finds good even in rats, which anti-Malthusian enough, one would think in the wild state, Mr. Bartlett, nevertheless, finds it profitable to breed for the Zoo. The jottings also deal with "genus homo," not only with the "Aborigine" (dried Australian native) shown at fairs, but also with the London coster and bird-catcher. The book is a first-rate present for a boy, as boys used to be before athletics had well nigh squeezed out the love of natural history.

Mr. W. Thayer has given us in "Tact, Push, and Principle" (Hodder and Stoughton) a sort of American "Self Help." He says the most practical way of learning the elements of success is to study the lives of those who have succeeded. His title is borrowed from Samuel Budgett, "the successful merchant," who "made the best of both worlds;" but, though he has a great regard for the almighty dollar, he does not, we are glad to find, set up as models men like John Jacob Astor, who from a starveling German immigrant developed into the richest and meanest of millionaires. Many of his anecdotes are old; but the book is likely to impress the most what is said of tact and character is likely to impress the most casual reader. If anything could lead young men the right way it is to see how in every walk of life men rise by right doing and sink by the reverse. One thing Mr. Thayer has done well to bring into strong relief—the fact, so forgotten nowadays, that amusements are



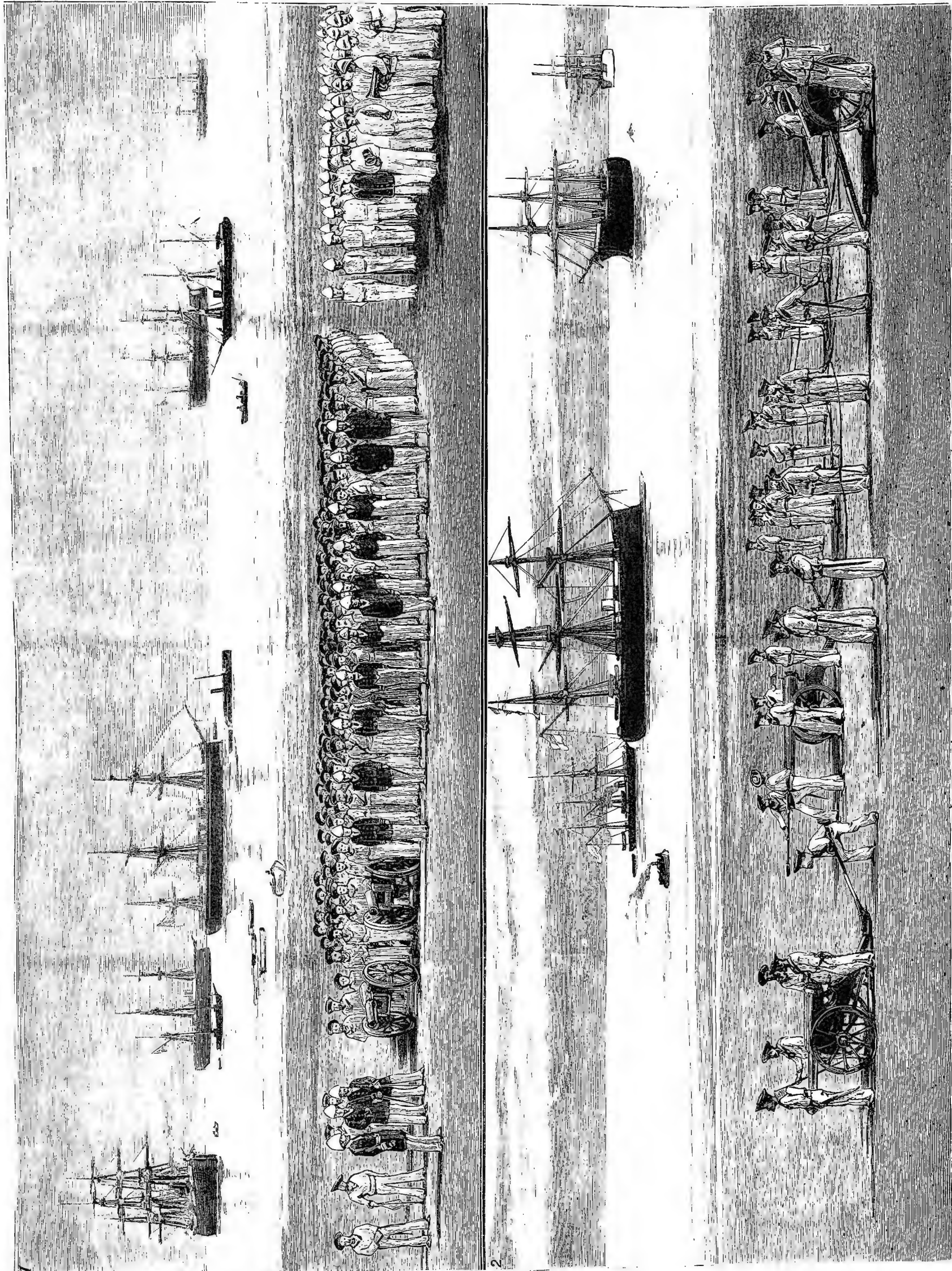


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COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET BEFORE ALEXANDRIA



"DESERTED:" CORNER OF THE RUE DES SŒURS, ALEXANDRIA, AFTER THE MASSACRE OF JUNE 11  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS





1. Mustering for Action.—2. A Landing Party with Guns.  
ALEXANDRIA—OUR BLUE JACKETS AND THEIR SHORE EQUIPMENT



not recreation; many of them are certain to end in making Jack a much duller boy than the most continuous work could make him.

We still remember with horror a very old-fashioned little book full of faulty phrases, which the pupil had to set right. Mr. W. B. Hodgson, Political Economy Professor in Edinburgh University, puts a like task before men and women in "Errors in the Use of English" (Edinburgh, Douglas), only his instances are not made up, but culled from our best authors. Horace says that even Homer can now and then be caught napping; and Breen filled a book with Alison's blemishes of style. Indeed, there is scarcely an author in whom your purist cannot find a solecism. We do not, indeed, think it fair to charge Dickens with writing bad English because he uses "to demean oneself" in the popular (albeit etymologically absurd) sense. Dickens makes his people talk like Londoners, and not like Noah Webster. *Aggravate*, too, has really got so thoroughly into use in its second intention that grumbling is no good. But, though he now and then goes too far, Mr. Hodgson deserves the hearty thanks of all who dislike slipshod English. It is time to protest when even scholars like Canon Farrar will use *deteriorate* for *detract*, and Sir J. T. Coleridge and Mr. Matthew Arnold print sentences like those commented on in pp. 74 and 81. Isaac d'Israeli making "the beaus of that day paint their faces as well as the women" has become classical; but Mr. Hodgson cites even more ludicrous misplacements from a whole string of authors, from Miss Austen to Mr. A. Trollope. Of course he does not forget to pour a very big vial of wrath on "Our mutual friend's" head; a much more indefensible mistake is the constant misuse of *future* for *after that*. We don't see why he needed to trouble himself with a word so rare, yet so unmistakable in meaning, as *ultronous*; and it is funny that, while he rightly condemns *indiscriminating*, he himself uses it in his preface.

Mr. L. Oliphant has long been a valued contributor to *Alaga*, and "Traits and Travesties" (Blackwood) is as readable as the cream of such a magazine is sure to be. Mr. Oliphant modestly poochpooches the idea that he has done more than add another to the pile of feeble books of which the dainty binding is the chief commendation. He begs all friends to ask for the book at every library and stall, feeling that "such inquiries exert more influence over the fortunes of a book than anything contained in it." His readers will think otherwise. If they have already met "Dollie and the Two Smiths," they will be glad to read again such a humorous picture of life in a Western settlement; if they have not, they will be gratified to have it brought before them. The same of the other tales, some of which (like "The Effendi on Christendom and Islam" and "The Moral Reflections of a Japanese Traveller") are in a serious vein; others (like "An American Statesman on Irish Atrocities") are not only serious, but timely.

Mr. Wemyss Reid was in Tunis while the French were there, and found that, while his being a European made him looked at with detestation by the mob, educated Tunisians showed him great favour because of his nationality. He has nothing to add to previous accounts of "The Land of the Bey" (Sampson Low). He went to Carthage and saw the cisterns; he found out that a French camp is as unsavoury as a travelling menagerie, and that *vivandi res* sometimes drink too much cognac; he picked up some curios very cheap; and describes, as if it was an unknown art, the way to circumvent an Eastern merchant. He thought the cotton tights of the Jewish women indecent, according to European notions; but, nevertheless, admired their shapely limbs, not to speak of their handsome faces. He was not allowed to see Kairwan; though the good offices of Mr. Levy of the Enfida, and of Mr. Reade, our Consul-General, helped him to many sights. One of the best things in the book is the extract from Thackeray's "White Squall."

In "Heralds of the Cross" (Hatchards) Mr. Arnold Forster has gathered the most striking records of missionary work—the persecutions in Madagascar, the life and death of Bishop Patteson, the ingathering at Tinnevely, &c. The chapter on Zenana missions, one of which numbers the well-known A. L. O. E. among its teachers, is specially interesting. The whole is told in a beautifully simple style, sure to interest children for whom the book is intended.

Quite lately we noticed Mr. G. C. Davies's "Handbook to the Broadlands and Rivers of Norfolk and Suffolk." The book now lies before us in handsome binding, as suitable for the drawing-room table as the cheaper cover is for the pocket.

Anybody who wants a good graphic picture of sport and scenery and camp-life in the Western hunting grounds, should read Mr. Baillie-Grohman's "Camps in the Rockies." The author, who killed his first deer in the Alps before he was ten years old, is an ardent sportsman; and his notes on hunting the wapiti, the bighorn, &c., will be useful to travellers in quest of sport. Any one anxious to get up Western dialect may learn much from Mr. Grohman. Of this the best specimen is an old trader's Grace, in which he described himself as "allers kinder willin' an' ready to remembrance the Old Boss up in Hevin, and to thank Him for His mighty goodness to us all." The best repartee is the Irish navvy's to the judge, with whom he had shared a bed in camp, and who said pompously, "You never slept with a judge in the old country." "No," replied Pat, "but shure ye mightn't have been a judge in the ould country." Mr. Grohman is a member of the Alpine Club; his comparison of American and European peaks is therefore interesting. So are his sketches of the wonderful cañons and *mauvaises terres* of the Colorado. His book is a reprint from the *Field*, the *Fortnightly*, &c.



MESSRS. GODDARD AND CO.—"Dulce et Utile, Seven Short Studies in the form of Pieces," by Aug. Buhl, admirably serve the purpose for which they were intended, "for strengthening and equalising the fingers of young players;" they are far more pleasing than the generality of such studies, and will materially aid musical teachers in their duties.—"An Elfin Festival," known also as "The Birthday March of a Marionette," is a bright and joyous intermezzo by Henry Stiehl, brilliant and decidedly easy, just the right thing for a holiday piece.—"Nymphs of the Rhine," a *valse de salon* by Lillie Albrecht, is fairly good, but bears evidence that the composer wants a holiday.—We advise our readers to buy, *pour la charité*, "Chanson d'Ancêtres," a *Marche Patriotique*, arranged for vocal solo and chorus; words by Victor Hugo. The fact that it is written with a good intention by Mrs. Weldon for her Orphanage, quite disarms criticism.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Part 55, Vol. VII., of *The Organist's Quarterly Journal* contains a grand "Sonata in D Minor," by Otto Dienel, of Berlin, which occupies the entire number, and is replete with difficulties that can only be attempted by an experienced player. We doubt the wisdom of allowing this monopoly by one composer in a work of this description.

MESSRS. SAMUEL BREWER AND CO.—For many reasons, at the present time, good healthy nautical songs will be acceptable. "Belay, Boys, Belay," written and composed by George Ware and A. Lumsden, is an excellent specimen of its school.—"Six Riverside Sketches" is the collective title of a series of pianoforte pieces by Talbot Lake, with remarkably pretty frontispieces, by Hanhart, all very easy and nicely fingered, but lacking in originality. No. 1, "Richmond" (polka); No. 2, "Kingston" (rondo); No. 3, "Staines"

(fandango). Most pleasing of the group, although very like "Parigi O Cara," from *La Traviata*; No. 4, "Windsor" (waltz); No. 5, "Maidenhead" (schottische); No. 6, "Henley" (march).—The "Eddystone Galop," by H. F. Howlett, is tuneful and easy enough to learn by heart; the frontispiece is very sensational.—Two danceable and fairly good polkas of the same type are "The Livadia," by P. Von Tugginer, and "The Young Dragoon" (Polka Militaire), by John Pridham; the latter has also composed a very poor and commonplace set of quadrilles, entitled "Little Sunbeam," the prettiest part of which is the frontispiece.—It is quite a relief to turn to No. 19 of "Sabbath Recreations, Rochester Cathedral," a collection of sacred airs for the pianoforte, by John Pridham, who is far more at home with this style of music than with dances. This piece commences with an *entrée* of Beethoven's, a charming fragment, which is followed by a perversion of the Lord's Prayer, by Renatus West, set to a good sound hymn tune by the Prince Consort; the *finale* is Handel's fine chorus, "And the glory of the Lord," very well arranged, and moderately difficult.

F. PITMAN.—"The Harvest Home," a cantata for the celebration of Harvest Festivals, together with the Thanksgiving *Te Deum* composed to commemorate the Thanksgiving Day, February 27th, 1872. These two compositions, published ten years ago, are not worthy of revival. The *Te Deum* is the better of the two, but neither will add to the reputation of their composer, Dr. T. L. Fowle, who has also composed "Rest, Pilgrim, Rest," a funeral hymn, in memory of three members of the family, whose names are inscribed on the frontispiece. No doubt the survivors feel a melancholy pleasure in this work, but the public can scarcely be expected to partake of it. By the above composer are "Choir March," as a concluding voluntary for the organ or harmonium, "A Funeral March," and a confused arrangement of the National Anthem, also a concluding voluntary.



THE ROYAL SHOW is over. Reading is a quiet town once more, no longer busy with bustling thousands by day, and bright with electric and pyrotechnic displays at night. From the chief agricultural exhibition of the year multitudes of South Midland farmers have gone home with new experiences, new suggestions, and new ideas. The attendance at the Show was about eighty thousand, and one hundred thousand, roughly speaking, are needed to make the "Royal" a paying affair. Thus the immediate result of the Reading visit is hardly satisfactory. But the results to follow later on must not be ignored, and if the Royal Society is to fulfil its high mission of educating agricultural England it must visit all parts in turn, and so far from courting the "profitable" manufacturing centres, must dare to penetrate into purely agricultural localities. Looking back on the Exhibition as a whole, it will probably be remembered for the splendid show of Shorthorn, Jersey, and Hereford cattle, the attractive pens of Cotswold sheep, the high quality of the famous Southdowns, the magnificent and extensive collection of Oxfordshire rams and ewes, and the fine lot of Berkshire pigs. The horses were interesting, but in no wise special, and the department of agricultural implements has been the scene of so many triumphs at past Shows that the Hornsblows, the Woods, the Ransomes, and the Howards are now Alexanders, sighing for new worlds to conquer. The string-binding reapers, marvels of lightness and efficiency; the great steam ploughs, carving the earth with quintuple blades; the mammoth diggers, machines that pass over the land and do the spade work of a small village between sunrise and sunset; these, and a hundred other inventions of the mechanician, were ranged in long rows up the main way of the seventy-acre yard. New exhibits there were, but nothing very important; the new cream separators are about the biggest improvement on the agricultural appliances in vogue when the Derby Show was held. It only remains to add that the weather of the last three days of the Show was very fair, and that the heavy rains of the first three days caused wonderfully little mud. Roads to the showyard, as well as the showyard itself, were clean and orderly. Refreshment arrangements, as usual at "Royal" Shows, left a very great deal to desire.

THE LAW OF DISTRESS.—The Committee of the House of Commons recently engaged in considering this subject have agreed to recommend: 1. That distress be retained, but that the recovery of only one year's rent should be allowed thereby; 2. That the excessive charges which can be legally enforced for levying distress for amounts over 20s. should be subject to taxation by a County Court Judge, or other competent authority. Mr. Duckham, one of the Committee, adds the very sensible suggestion that a tenant should be allowed to plead set-off debts due to him from a distraining landlord. Most lay minds would imagine that the right to do this had either been always existent, or at least had been established on the fusion of Law and Equity in 1875, the legal fact, however, is otherwise, and any change must be made by statute.

DAIRY FARMING.—The Court of Common Council have voted 30s. to the British Dairy Farmers' Association in aid of the prize fund. Extra prizes will consequently be awarded on the 3rd of October next for the best Shorthorn cows, the best Jerseys and Guernseys, and the best Ayrshire, Kerry, and Dutch cows, in their respective sections; also for the best cheese of British make, and the best butter made in the United Kingdom.—That popular landlord and agriculturist, Lord Vernon, has inaugurated a new era in dairy farming on his estates by the erection of a butter-making factory at Sudbury, near Uttroter. This has just been set in operation for the exclusive use of his tenants. Already 300 lbs. of excellent butter are being turned out daily. Lord Vernon has also begun to build a cheese factory on the American principle. The new building is near the butter factory, and Lord Vernon hopes these two establishments will provide his tenants with a near and profitable market for their milk.

THE CORK AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have just held a Meeting and Show at Cork, at which the display of stock was most satisfactory. There was a really grand collection of horses, principally hunters, and, among cattle, the Shorthorn classes were most creditably filled. Of milking cows the first gave 4 gallons 4 7/5 pints of milk in the forenoon of the first day of the Show. Sheep were remarkably good, Leicesters and Shropshires being the sorts in favour. Mr. Meade, Mr. Donegan, and Mr. Nash were the chief prize-takers. Swine were as large a show as we expect to see in Ireland, which is saying a good deal; and the display of butter was such as to lead us to hope that this important Irish industry is making a new and strong bid for ascendancy over American and other foreign competitors.

THE HOP GARDENS have in many places gone into a black blight, and lice have multiplied in an extraordinary manner during the last fortnight. In Kent the outlook is gloomy, but there is yet time for improvement, and farmers do not altogether despair. In Surrey and Hampshire blight is spreading, and prospects look very black. A short yield is now anticipated in Worcestershire and Herefordshire, and this is the more disappointing, as hopes at Midsummer were rather high. Generally speaking, vigorous and continuous washing seems necessary if the crop is to be saved.

GROWING GRASSES.—Quite one of the prettiest things to be seen at the Reading Show was the display of growing grasses at

Messrs. Carter's stand. Here farmers could see each variety of English pasture grass in actual growth, and by half-an-hour's attention could finally learn the native habit and natural appearance of all the principal sorts of grass worth cultivating on British meadow land. When we remember that dried and scientifically catalogued specimens are shunned by the ordinary farmer, we can do justice to the excellent idea involved in the exhibition of bits of pasture *au naturel*, of tiny corners of hayfields just ready for the scythe. With flowers, numbers confuse the exhibitor, with grasses the leading sorts are not too numerous for a child to learn to know and distinguish them by sight.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—Hawfinches this year are abundant in various parts of England. They are not usually reckoned common birds.—A buzzard has just been killed near Cornethorpe, in Lincolnshire.—Two splendid black leopards have just been added to the famous collection in Regent's Park.

PARTRIDGES are now about all hatched out. The parent birds have had rather "mixed" weather to put up with. Very many covies, hatched out early, are now strong birds, and there will not be many September "cheepers." Pheasant poult, both wild and hand-bred, are going on well; the birds being strong and healthy, and most of them forward. The sporting outlook, on the whole, is rather good, but an early clearance of stubbles is no longer likely. The cereal crops, instead of being a fortnight early as expected in May, will now average about a week behind time, even if no more "backward" weather be experienced between now and Lammas.

ADULTERATION.—It is well known that the Americans are consigning to this country tons of butter and cheese, the chief component of which is fat. The cream is removed from the milk, and, to give the requisite consistency to the butter and cheese, fat is largely introduced. The Cheshire magistrates have just convicted a man of selling butter, no less than 75 per cent. of which was fat. If a working man wants fat he can buy it of the butcher without the intervention of a provision dealer, who re-christens each pound by the name of butter, and charges a shilling on the function.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEAD.—Among recently formed Societies may be noticed—under distinguished patronage—"The National Society for Preserving the Memorials of the Dead." Its objects, however, as set forth at the inaugural meeting, are, if anything, too strictly in keeping with its title, as visitors to our cemeteries must be struck, not only with the dreary sameness which characterises our monumental works, but with the almost complete absence of anything like artistic efforts among them. From the attempt at an ornamental headstone to the more costly and pretentious productions—mostly copies of the antique—there is really nothing to arrest the attention or call for more than a passing glance. That general want of taste is in a great measure to blame for this there is no doubt, but if the Society included among its objects the improvement of the artistic quality of memorials yet to be erected, and if its members were to hold out some inducement to sculptors to design and produce really good works of this kind, a great alteration might be made. It is probable that sculptors who have made a name look upon the monumental department of their profession as beneath their notice; though the reflection that John Flaxman pursued this branch of his art so successfully—several of his mural *bas-reliefs* being among his best-known works—should in a great measure disabuse their minds of this idea; besides which, with the compulsory education now going on, the exaltation of the public taste is but a question of time, and our artists will find themselves called upon to meet the demand for something of a more refined type than the crude monumental devices of the present day. It has been said that our climate is so destructive that anything like beauty or delicacy in exposed monumental work would speedily become obliterated by the action of the weather; and preachers of this doctrine point to monuments erected but a few years since which are already showing signs of decay; but this arises principally from want of care in the selection of the material used, and is but an argument against giving work into the hands of men whose sole object, having no reputation at stake, is gain. An old proverb says, "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," and if our departed friends deserve that monuments should be set up to mark their last resting-places there is no reason why the memorials should not be artistic productions, refining to the taste, and sufficiently ornamental to our cemeteries to enable us to point to them with even some national pride.

## A CLOUD

A sudden gleam—a glimpse of blue,  
A flash of light athwart the grass;  
Cool raindrops, softly sliding through  
The woven branches, cease to fall.  
A glint upon the insect's wing,  
A rustle of light winds that pass,  
A swell of song—that sunbeams bring,—  
And then a cloud came over all.

A sudden glance, not wholly meant,  
A lingering in the leafy walk;  
Hand clasping hand with warm intent  
That after-thoughts can scarce recall.  
Smiles flashing out of keen blue eyes,  
Deep thoughts concealed in idle talk,  
Love waking with a glad surprise,  
And then—a cloud—that darkened all.

FAY ANTENS

"ROTTEN ROW."—"Clericus," writing from Liverpool, says. The word "Rotten Row" runs back, in Glasgow, to much earlier times than you refer to, and the place, which is near the cathedral, is said to have been the line which the monks followed in their processions. It was therefore called "Routine Row," and the multitude, whose ideas of either sense or sound are not very accurate, easily transformed this into "Rotten Row."

THE CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE given to the United States by the Khedive has already begun to suffer from the change of climate. After exposure to only one winter's weather, the corners of the obelisk are considerably damaged, and the lateral surfaces have been injured by snow and frost, so that there is some danger of the inscriptions being obliterated. Accordingly it is proposed either to board up the Needle during stormy weather, or to remove it to the Great Hall of the New York Metropolitan Museum.

BRITISH JOURNALISM OF THE LAST CENTURY is curiously represented by the *fac-simile* of the first copy of the *Reading Mercury*, dated July 8th, 1723, and recently printed as a memorial of its present namesake's 160th birthday. The quaint little sheet, copied from the original in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, contains much amusing local and general news, and most in its day have been cheap at 1 1/2d., so that the descendant of the *Reading Mercury* and *Weekly Entertainer* may well be proud to show its readers so interesting a forefather. A similar idea has struck the *Bury and Norwich Post*, which also brings out a *fac-simile* of its first copy, to commemorate the end of its first century's existence on Tuesday last. The old *Bury Post and Universal Advertiser* is more in the style of the present number than the *Reading Mercury*, but is equally interesting as a souvenir of olden times.



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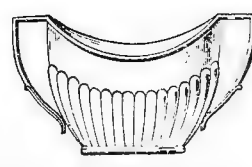
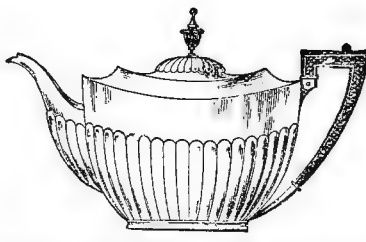
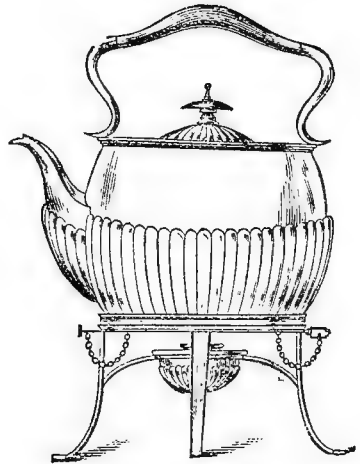
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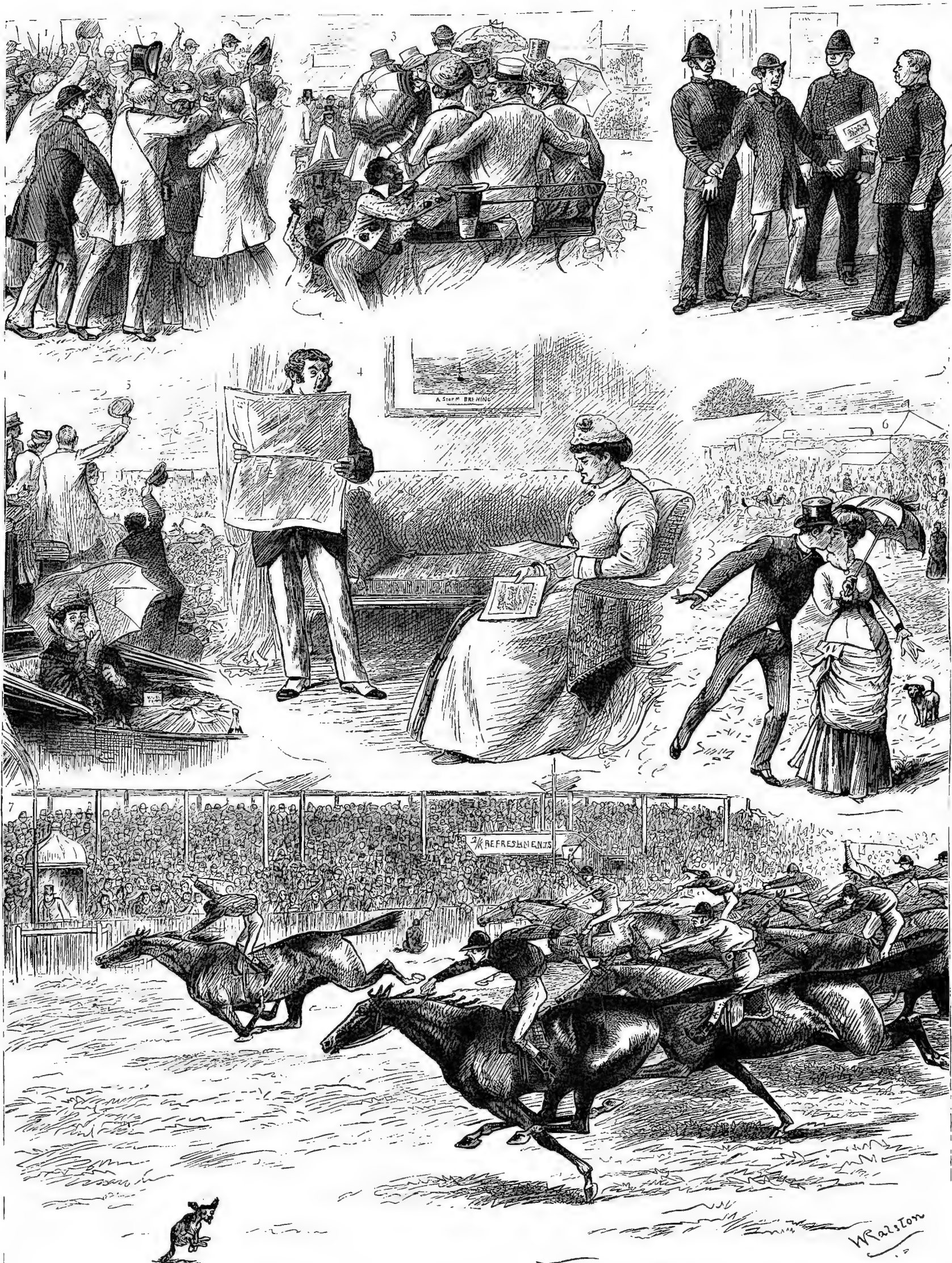
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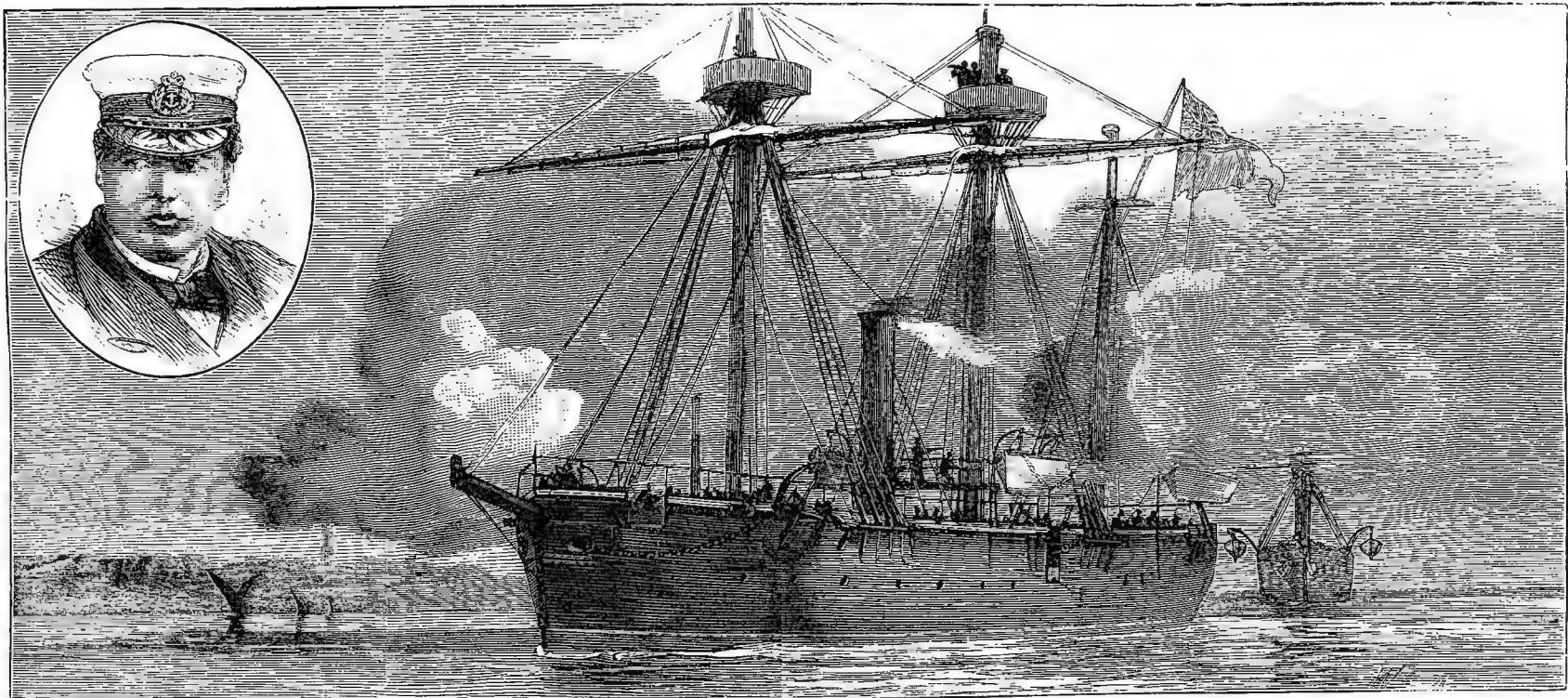
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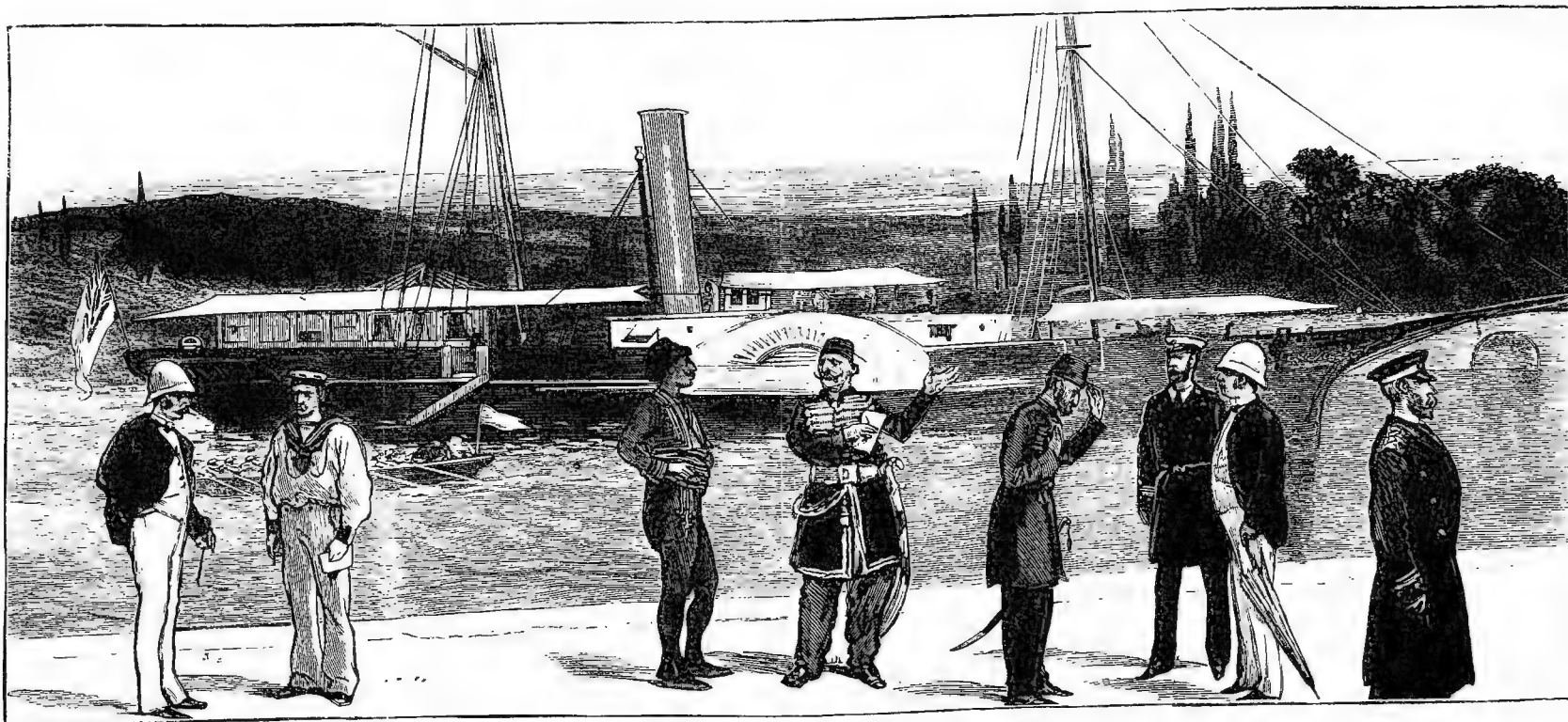


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THE BRITISH DESPATCH BOAT "ANTELOPE" AT THERAPIA

THE EGYPTIAN CRISIS





**THE EGYPTIAN CRISIS.**—The disastrous events of last week have been succeeded by a temporary lull, yet notwithstanding that Alexandria is restored to comparative quiet and safety by the British occupation, the remainder of the country practically remains in a state of anarchy. The greater part of Alexandria is nothing but a smoking ruin, and such buildings as escaped the fire are mostly plundered throughout. The European quarter is a complete wreck, most of the Consulates, including the British, have disappeared, several of the banks and the English church being, however, safe, while in many places it has been necessary to blow up the buildings to check the progress of the fire. This destruction is not due to the bombardment, but to incendiarism, the Egyptians having deliberately fired the town before leaving, while the looters have continued their work even since the British have been in possession. Save looters and refugees, Alexandria was perfectly deserted when the British landed last week, and the refugees told a miserable tale of the horrors of the bombardment. All day on the 11th the population were hurrying away, while Arabi himself kept carefully out of danger, and on the engagement getting hot retreated from Fort Caffarelli to the Rosetta Gate. Although reports were industriously spread of the British ships being disabled, the exodus continued all night, and next day the white flag was hoisted as a device to get the army off in safety. The soldiery gathered in the Great Square, and after a futile attempt to break into several banks still defended by Europeans, set to work under their officers' orders to pillage the houses, finally setting them alight, and retreating out of the city. The convicts and Bedouins speedily took their place, and were so busy plundering that they allowed the party of 105 Europeans who had been defending the Anglo-Egyptian Bank and the Crédit Lyonnais to escape to the shore, whence they were taken off to the fleet, while the British marines and sailors took possession of the city. Meanwhile the Khédive, who had taken refuge with Dervish Pasha at Ramleh, was in great danger. Arabi sent a body of troops to guard the Palace, and bade them kill the Khédive, but Tewfik and Dervish managed to bribe the men and communicate with Admiral Seymour, who despatched the *Conder* inshore to keep the troops in check. The Khédive then succeeded in getting away, and drove to Ras-el-Tin. As the conflagrations and looting continued in the city, the Americans were asked to land marines to assist in keeping order, and the streets were carefully patrolled, a regular police system being organised under Lord Charles Beresford, while Captain Fisher, of the *Inflexible*, took command of the land forces. In the mean time the precaution was taken to spike the few guns remaining intact in the forts, which were mostly in complete ruins from the fierce British fire, bodies lying about everywhere. Competent authorities fix the Egyptian loss during the bombardment at about 2,000; but it is impossible accurately to estimate the number, many dead bodies remaining in the ruined houses, and threatening to cause an epidemic if not speedily buried. Strong measures were necessary to subdue the looters, and while some were shot, others were flogged, or their hair cut on one side, to mark them for the future. Gradually the fires were got under and the pillage checked, the more loyal natives themselves being employed to clear the streets, so as to give them occupation, and a large number of the population, finding matters quiet, came back into the city and opened their shops. This restoration of confidence is all the more necessary, as the people are completely destitute, so that it will soon become a problem how to feed the multitude. The postal service has been resumed, and newspapers are published. Admiral Seymour has issued a manifesto, announcing that he intends to restore order with the consent of the Egyptian Government. The gates are carefully guarded, and the patrols disarm everybody carrying knives or revolvers. For a time the British force on shore was unfortunately small, but troops have been coming fast this week, and some 6,000 men now hold Alexandria. Alarms of Arabi's approach are constant, and the forces have several times been turned out in readiness. The foreign vessels have been returning to the harbour, where several changes have been made in the British fleet. Some vessels have gone to Port Said, and others have taken their place, while all the wounded are doing well, except Lieutenant Jackson, of the *Inflexible*, who died on Sunday.

Arabi himself is at Kafridawar, about fourteen miles off, with 6,000 men and a good supply of artillery. Accounts differ as to the condition of his troops, but it is generally reported that the men are disorganised and rebellious, and are surrounded by starving women and children. Naturally the rebel Minister declines to comply with the Khédive's order to join him at Ras-el-Tin, and informs his master that he will only come if the British fleet and troops withdraw, declaring that he does not wish to make war, but that the Powers are forcing the attack. In response to this, the Khédive has dismissed Arabi from his post, and, after some delay, has found an officer to convey the order, but Tewfik hesitates publicly to announce the dismissal for fear of arousing popular irritation at Cairo and elsewhere, and has compromised the matter by a letter from Ragheb to Admiral Seymour, explaining his conduct. It is fully expected that Arabi, if not speedily checked, will march on Cairo, where a repetition of the Alexandria massacres is reasonably dreaded. From all accounts, however, Cairo is temporarily quiet, the Governor being favourable to Europeans and opposed to Arabi; but most of the Europeans have left, including a number of Germans and Austrians. Massacres have occurred in the interior, particularly at Tintah, but all is quiet in the neighbourhood of the Suez Canal, where at present navigation is free. Several foreign gunboats have been ordered to accompany vessels passing through if necessary, but the neighbouring Bedouins, contrary to expectation, have kept aloof. Nevertheless, the French and English Governments have agreed that protective measures are necessary, and the two nations propose a military occupation of the Canal for three months, subject to the approval of the Conference.

This proposal was accordingly brought before the Conference on Wednesday, in order to decide upon the Powers to be chosen for the work. Hitherto the Conference has done nothing, as it was awaiting the Sultan's reply to the Identité Note, presented on Saturday. The Note invites the Sultan to despatch forces to Egypt to "establish order, subdue factious usurpers, and put an end to anarchy," although this step must be strictly in maintenance of the normal *status quo*, and must entail no interference with the Khédive's privileges, the working of the Administration, or international engagements. The Imperial forces will allow "the adoption of wise reforms in the military organisation of Egypt, without prejudicing by their intervention the prudent development of civil, administrative, or judicial institutions." The Turkish occupation would be limited to three months unless the Khédive desired a longer term, and the expenses would be borne by Egypt. No delay or indecisive reply will be permitted by the Powers, Thursday having been fixed as the longest interval for consideration, and, should the Sultan not have made up his mind by then, or give an evasive answer, the Conference will immediately arrange for foreign intervention. The Sultan and Ministers have been holding Councils day and night, Lord Dufferin has frequently been summoned to the Palace, and the local Press are energetically

discussing the *pros* and *cons* of the subject, the general opinion being averse to the restrictions placed by Europe on Turkish action. Dervish Pasha has been summoned suddenly home, professing to give the Sultan trustworthy information on the state of Egypt.

In Europe generally all eyes are still fixed on the East, and England's position in Egypt is warmly discussed with more or less approval. In most countries the antagonistic opinions freely expressed by the Press have outstepped the more cautious feelings of the Governments, and GERMANY has found it necessary to protest virtually against the free remarks of many Teutonic journals. An evidently inspired article in the semi-official *North German Gazette*, which may be regarded as Prince Bismarck's personal opinion, disavows all Government influence for these criticisms, and reminds the public that Germany has no business to interfere needlessly with other European Powers, nor has any expression of opinion been asked for. Further, a communication in the *Cologne Gazette* declares that Germany being less interested in Egypt must not give gratuitous advice to England, but must wait till the moment for her action is ripe, hinting that she is ready to support England. RUSSIA has pursued much the same tone officially, while the Slavophile prints have virulently attacked England, and AUSTRIA is by no means satisfied with Sir Charles Dilke's recent explanation, considering that he has drawn a false and unnecessary distinction between the Austrian and other Governments. SPAIN is somewhat favourable, but ITALY continues very bitter. The attitude of FRANCE, however, is of most interest to England, and it is gratifying to note the gradual change from Anglophobia and the steady, reasonable tone of the debate on Egyptian affairs in the Chamber on Tuesday. Deeply annoyed as the French are at the inaction of their own fleet, they cannot, it is true, altogether subdue jealousy of England, and M. Rochefort indulges in more forcible than polite language. Moderate thinkers in general, however, hail the announcement of the good relations between the British and French Governments, and hope that in case of intervention France may thus redeem her previous inaction. M. de Freycinet has frankly acknowledged his change of views, and explained his reasons honestly and straightforwardly during the discussion of the credit of 313,000*l.* asked for war preparations. He avowed that he had objected to decided action, pointing out that it was the late events which had rendered it necessary, and declaring that his only thought had been the maintenance of the Anglo-French Alliance, "which had never once been shaken," and the agreement with the European concert. He announced that in the event of Turkey refusing to intervene, France was ready to act, but that both in this case and the matter of the Suez Canal she would not move until she had obtained the decision of Europe. This side of the question was supported by M. Gambetta, who thus saw his own views respecting the English alliance carried into effect, and accordingly exhorted the Cabinet to maintain the alliance firmly, while not tying their hands too much with the European concert. He, however, warmly opposed Turkish intervention, for "if the Sultan once recovered Egypt, adieu to all dreams of French colonisation," and warned France of the danger of acting as the agent of Europe. Although he considered the sum asked insufficient for the adequate carrying out of a dignified policy, he intended to vote for the credit as being a political vote, signifying French interests in the Mediterranean, the rescue of Egypt from mutinous soldiers, and its return within the circle of Western policy. M. de Freycinet, however, does not intend that any of this money shall be devoted to the protection of the Suez Canal, for which a separate credit will be asked. The debate was continued on Wednesday, but lost much of its interest through the departure of M. Gambetta, who was informed of his mother's death as the sitting began. Finally the Bill was passed.

In FRANCE proper, Paris and the provinces have kept the National *Fête* with greater zest than ever. Though the Ultra-Radicals tried to create a panic by sinister warnings of blowing up the Hôtel de Ville, and the Clericals warned the faithful to hold aloof, the *fête* proved an unqualified success, and from the inaugural banquet at the Hôtel de Ville—which cost 12,000*l.*, by the way—to the illuminations next evening, not a single hitch occurred. A review took place at Longchamps in splendid weather, crowds thronged the streets, and the free representations at the theatres; and a Venetian night *fête* was held on the lake at Vincennes. Meanwhile the Bishop of Angers sent out a circular forbidding his clergy to allow their churches to be illuminated or ornamented with flags, and stoutly refused to permit any decorations at his own episcopal palace. In most cases the clergy came to open strife with the mayors; while, as the town officials of Angers stole a march on the refractory Bishop by putting up coloured lamps at his palace gates, Mgr. Freppel has summoned the contractor for infringing episcopal rights. On their side the Royalists have indulged in a small manifestation.—Saturday was the Comte de Chambord's name-day, so the anniversary was celebrated by the usual Church services and banquets, at which "the King" was lauded to the skies.—The Budget is to be presented this week to the Chamber, where there has been a skirmish over the vote of credit for introducing reforms in Tunis. The Government, however, has sustained a decided check in the House, owing to a proposal to establish a central Mayoralty for Paris. M. Goblet, the Minister of the Interior, declined to consider the matter at present, promising to bring up the subject later. The Chamber, called upon to express its opinion, however, is against any concessions being made to the Paris Irreconcilables, and has virtually censured the Government by passing an order of the day opposing any such creation. This caused a Ministerial crisis. The wet season has done much damage in Northern France, and serious floods have also occurred in the central provinces.

ITALY has been greatly annoyed by a report that the late General Garibaldi was not the true Garibaldi after all, but a Livornese bearing a striking resemblance to the General. According to this assertion the real Garibaldi fell at Aspromonte, and his death was hushed up at Victor Emmanuel's request to prevent a breach between the Garibaldian faction and the dynasty.—The Clericals have been con doling with the Pope on the anniversary of the riots caused last year by the removal of Pius IX.'s body.—A serious earthquake has occurred at Siena, but no lives were lost.

UNITED STATES.—Mr. Bright's resignation has been much discussed, and while the majority of the Press blame the Minister for not resigning earlier, the *New York Tribune* declares that history will rank him as one of the most honest politicians of the day.—The Americans are greatly pleased at the conclusion of the Treaty of Commerce with Corea, opening the country to Transatlantic trade—an object which has been industriously pursued for years past since Admiral Rogers's futile mission to the Korean capital in 1870.—The widow of President Lincoln has died in very poor circumstances—the American nation having been singularly indifferent to her condition since her husband's assassination.

MISCELLANEOUS.—GERMANY is preparing for the autumn manoeuvres, and the Emperor intends to review the whole Saxon army on September 15th, at Riesa, near Dresden. The Emperor is now at Gastein.—In RUSSIA there has been a terrible accident on the Moscow Railway, where a train ran off the line, and it is stated that 178 passengers were killed, and 39 others seriously injured. The harvest promises well.—EASTERN ROMANIA and BULGARIA have greatly lamented General Skobeleff, and Requiem Masses have been performed in his memory, while in the latter province a monument has been unveiled to the "Czar Liberator" to commemorate the deliverance of Bulgaria from the Turkish yoke.—In TURKEY there has been a disastrous fire at Smyrna, which destroyed 1,400 houses, and rendered 6,000 persons homeless.—SOUTH AFRICA

continues very bitter respecting Cetewayo's departure, and the Legislative Council have adopted a resolution declaring that the ex-King's restoration could bring neither safety to Natal nor advantage to the Zulus, unless preceded by measures providing for the future government of the Natal native population and the permanent effective influence of the Queen's Government in Zulu domestic affairs. The Transvaal will elect a President in February or March, Mr. Joubert having proposed Mr. Krüger for the post.



THE QUEEN and Princess Beatrice are now at Osborne, where they arrived on Wednesday, and where they will probably remain a month. On Saturday the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out, and after dinner Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice drove to Clewer Churchyard and visited the grave of the late Sir J. Myddleton Biddulph. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone also arrived on a visit to the Queen. On Sunday the Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore. On Monday all her Majesty's visitors left the Castle, and the Prince of Leiningen and his son Prince Ernest lunched with the Queen.

The Prince and Princess of Wales dined with the Earl and Countess Sydney on Friday evening, and on Saturday the Duke of Edinburgh and the Prince Frederick William of Hesse lunched with the Prince and Princess. The Prince and Princess of Wales had intended to have laid the first stone of a new Home for Little Boys at Swanley, but owing to the state of the weather the ceremony was postponed. The Prince presided over a meeting of Her Majesty's Commissioners at Marlborough House, and in the evening went on a visit to Colonel Owen Williams at The Temple, near Marlow. He returned to London on Monday. Prince Frederick William of Hesse took leave of the Prince and Princess of Wales before his departure from England. The Prince and Princess went in the evening to a dance given by the Hon. W. and Mrs. Gerard. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess visited Wimbledon Camp, and afterwards lunched with the Earl and Countess Brownlow, afterwards witnessing the final competition for the Queen's Prize, eventually returning to town, and being present at a ball given by the Brazilian Minister and Baroness de Penedo. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess were present at a garden party given at the British Home for Incurables at Clapham, and in the evening the Prince dined with the Nawab Iqbal-ud-Dowla. Last night the Prince and Princess were to give a dance. The Prince and Princess are expected at Lady Holland's garden party to-day (Saturday), and next Monday will be the guests of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood. Prince Albert Victor and George of Wales will leave Gibraltar for Spithead in the *Bacchante* on the 24th inst.

The Duke of Edinburgh, in command of the Reserve Squadron, landed at Portland on the 13th inst., and proceeded at once to London. On Friday evening the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Albany, and Princess Beatrice were present at the Royal Italian Opera, and on Monday the Duke of Edinburgh returned to Portland to join the Reserve Squadron.—The daughters of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany have arrived on a visit to the Princess Christian.—The King and Queen of Greece, who have been staying in Denmark, have gone to Russia to attend the baptism of the infant daughter of the Emperor and Empress, whence they will join the King and Queen of Denmark at Wiesbaden at the end of this month or the beginning of August. The King of Denmark will afterwards start on a tour, and the Queen will visit her daughter, the Duchess of Cumberland, at Gmünden.—The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise have been on a fishing excursion in New Brunswick.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Nothing new has occurred since our last reference to the performances at Mr. Gye's establishment. Madame Patti has appeared, for the first time this season, as Margherita (*Faust*) and Violetta (*La Traviata*), both of which parts had already been played by Madame Albani, to institute comparisons between whom and her distinguished comrade would be invidious, and to little purpose; Boito's *Mefistofele* has been repeated; and to-night the season comes to an end, the opera selected being the evergreen *Barbiere* of Rossini, with Madame Patti, "Rosina of Rosinas," as the heroine. We reserve general observations for next week.

CONCERTS.—The summer concert-season may be said virtually to have terminated with the last of the "Richter Concerts" and the last of the "Symphony Concerts" (conducted by Mr. Hallé). Meanwhile Mr. John Thomas, Harpist to the Queen, has given his annual entertainment in St. James's Hall, with a selection of music, vocal and instrumental, all the more interesting because comprising some attractive compositions from his own pen; Sir Julius Benedict has come forward, as usual, with a programme crowded with attractions too many to enumerate; and other entertainments of the kind, requiring no special notice, have been offered to a somewhat jaded public. The autumn season of "Richter Concerts" commences on October 26th, in St. James's Hall, when the distinguished Viennese conductor will occupy his accustomed post at the head of a numerous orchestra, supplemented, as occasion may require, with a chorus to match. The summer season is again to be enlivened by Promenade Concerts in Covent Garden Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Gwyllym Crowe, who was so successful last year. They are to begin in the first week of next month.

WAIFS.—Meyerbeer's opera, *L'Étoile du Nord*, hitherto, for reasons not far to seek, forbidden throughout Russia, is to be a conspicuous feature in the repertory of the ensuing season at St. Petersburg, the prohibition, having, by Imperial sanction, been withdrawn. Glinka's *Life for the Czar* will now have to encounter a formidable rival.—The completed scores of two operas, a secular oratorio, *Dornröschen*, and a symphony, entitled *Im Herbst*, have been found among the MSS. of the late Joachim Raff, one of the most indefatigable composers of his time, endowed, moreover, with a fatal facility which too often passes for originality of invention. That the least pretentious orchestral work from the pen of Raff, however, is worth the whole of Liszt's *Poèmes Symphoniques* put together, can hardly be denied by any sane observer.—At Rome the Municipal Council have granted a site for the erection of a new theatre, to be entitled, "Teatro dalla Commedia."—Another new theatre, called the "Théâtre Victor Hugo," has been opened in the grounds adjacent to the Café Americain at Nice.—Under the auspices of the St. Cecilia Society, a "School of Sacred Music" has been established at Milan.—The popular French actress, Madame Chaumont (widow of M. Jules Lefort, a drawing-room singer (for many years known and highly patronised in this country), was newly married at Passy, on the 15th inst., to M.



Paul Baccharat (Mussay).—Up to this time the system of lighting by electricity has, through inadequate preparations, not proved successful at the National Hungarian Theatre of Pesth.—Madame Christine Nilsson, previous to starting for the United States, will take up her residence on the borders of Lake Lemán, near Geneva.—Mr. Carl Rosa's reported connection with the Anglo-German opera scheme, as we anticipated, has evaporated in smoke. Mr. Rosa will, as usual, pursue his course unaided.—The Philharmonic Concerts are to be renewed next year, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cousins.



THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN's supposed letter to the Mayor of Grimsby turns out to be, as we half suspected, a hoax. His lordship, in writing to *The Times* to deny all knowledge of it, disclaims the sentiments it expresses, and makes an appeal on behalf of the Church of England Temperance Society in his Diocese.

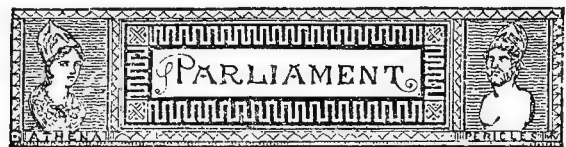
THE NEW CANON OF CANTERBURY.—The Residuary Canonry in Canterbury Cathedral, vacant by the death of the Rev. James Craigie Robertson, has been conferred by the Primate on the Rev. W. H. Fremantle, Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square.

THE PRESTBURY RITUAL CASE, which was begun in 1874, was advanced another stage, but probably not finally disposed of, by the decision given the other day by Mr. Justice Chitty, overruling both the objections made by the defendant to the sentence of deprivation pronounced by Lord Penzance in January last year, the first of which was that the judgment referred to the whole of the offences *en masse*, instead of stating them singly; whilst the second called in question his lordship's jurisdiction, on the ground that he sat in a Committee Room of the House of Lords, which, it was contended, was a Royal Palace.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY in the metropolis was this year more productive than upon any previous occasion, the collections amounting to 33,000*l.* Since the fund was first instituted in 1873 the sum collected was no less than 284,000*l.*

THE SALVATION ARMY had a "field-day" at St. James's Hall on Monday, holding morning, afternoon, and evening meetings, all of which were well attended. Mrs. Booth spoke in defence of the usages of the Army, and addresses were given by some half-dozen missionaries, male and female, who are about to start for India, and to whom "colours" were presented by General Booth. It was stated that only 6,000*l.* had yet been obtained towards the 16,750*l.* required for the purchase of the Grecian Theatre.—In the Queen's Bench Division, the conviction of some Salvationists, who in April last were sentenced to a month's hard labour for persisting in a procession at Whitechurch, has been quashed, and the three county magistrates ordered to pay costs.—At Salisbury about twenty summonses for assault have been issued on the application of the Salvation Army "captain."

OBITUARY.—Mr. Henry Kingscote, who has just died at the age of eighty-one, was well known in religious circles. He was one of the founders of the Metropolitan Visiting and Relief Association and the Church of England Scripture Reading Society, and was associated with very many benevolent institutions, including the National Orphan Home, of which he was treasurer for many years. His nephew, Colonel Kingscote, M.P., the present head of the family, retains, acre by acre, the same lands which were assigned to his ancestor in the Domesday Book.



THE Arrears Bill has at last passed through the Committee stage, and stands on the threshold of the House of Lords. It seems incredible at this day that there was a time when it seemed probable, or at least possible, that both the Crime Bill and the Arrears Bill might pass all their stages in the Commons before the House rose for the Whitsun recess. That expectation was born of the deep calm that fell upon political parties after the murders in Phoenix Park, a calm which scarcely lasted through a full week. It is questionable whether ultimate benefit would have been derived supposing either the Crime Bill or the Arrears Bill had been hurried forward in the exceptional circumstances of that time. We know a great deal about Bills that have unduly lingered in their passage through the House, but there are, perhaps, even more serious dangers attendant upon hurried legislation. The Arrears Bill, like the Crime Bill, has been literally hammered through the House, advancing inch by inch, and line by line.

Between the two measures there has, however, been a strongly marked difference. The Crime Bill was obstructed; the Arrears Bill has been debated. The Irish members having played their part and given a famous spurt to the Land League subscriptions by the dramatic incident of an all-night sitting and a wholesale suspension, have found it possible to rest upon their oars. A great number of them, including Mr. John Dillon and Mr. Richard Power, the "whip," have gone back to Ireland, and are not likely to reappear this session. Those who remain silently watch the Bill through, saying very little. Sometimes for hours the watch-tower is deserted, save by Mr. Biggar, who fortunately knows nothing about the Land question; and though that is not a circumstance that would prevent every Irish member from speaking, it has some slight effect upon the member for Cavan, who is not so fluent as some of his compatriots, and when he has a speech to make likes to have a Blue Book to rest upon. Mr. Biggar will sit hour after hour watching the Government like a cat watching a mouse. How much he understands of what is going on, or what measure of intelligent report he is able to make to Mr. Parnell when he comes in, it would be interesting to know. But it is something to be thankful for that he rarely speaks. This abstention from interference by the Irish members naturally results in a marked change in the conduct of the debate. Some Conservative members are as strongly opposed to the Arrears Bill as the Land Leaguers were opposed to the Crime Bill. But they are content, having made their speeches, and sometimes taken a division, to accept the decision of the majority.

There was really no reason connected with the Bill itself why it should not have passed the Committee stage on Tuesday morning. At that time there remained little to be done; at the average of speed obtained at Monday night's sitting this little might easily have been disposed of before the sitting was suspended on Tuesday. But there are wheels within wheels, and some out of sight stopped the working of the Parliamentary machine. On Monday night Mr. Stansfeld, who is in charge of a Bill to Repeal the Contagious Diseases Act, publicly put a question to Mr. Gladstone as to the intentions of the Government with respect to Wednesday. Mr. Stansfeld has lived so long in public and Parliamentary life that it would be a discredit to his intelligence to suppose that his single purpose was to obtain the information asked for. He could have got that more readily and

with less trouble by putting a question to the Whip or privately addressing a note to Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Stansfeld had the first place on Wednesday for his Bill, and what he wanted to know was whether the Government proposed to appropriate that day. Probably the right hon. gentleman's intention was to let his friends know that he was on the spot, and alive to the interests of the Bill. What he succeeded in doing was to call other people's attention to the prospects of Wednesday, and it was instinctively felt when Mr. Gladstone announced that, in the event of the Arrears Bill being concluded at the morning sitting on Tuesday, Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Local Option motion would be taken at the evening sitting, and Mr. Stansfeld's Bill on Wednesday, that the Arrears Bill would certainly not be finished on Tuesday morning. With such practice as the House has had of late, it was not very difficult to drag out the discussion so as to carry it into Wednesday, thus killing two birds with one stone, and relegating to next year two motions which find uncompromising opposition in the House.

In this endeavour, which as far as Mr. Stansfeld's Bill was concerned was defeated by the rapidity with which the Arrears Bill was concluded on Wednesday, Sir Henry Wolff wittingly or unwittingly did yeoman's service. On Tuesday morning advantage was taken of two private Bills standing first on the Orders to enter upon long discussions which occupied two hours and a half. After this, and the questions disposed of, would come the Arrears Bill, which, though it was not likely now to be got through at the Monday sitting might, unless care was taken, be finished in the evening, and so members opposed to the initiation of the unsavoury debate promoted by Mr. Stansfeld would be checkmated. Sir Henry Wolff was equal to the occasion. He had a question on the paper with respect to the instructions despatched to Sir Beauchamp Seymour at Alexandria. The question suggested that the Admiral had failed to carry out his instructions, and the Government were asked to say whether they approved his conduct. This is a serious matter to broach with respect to an officer actually in command at a critical juncture. The Secretary to the Admiralty declared that the Government were perfectly satisfied with the conduct of the Admiral, and suggested that if Sir Henry Wolff had any charge to bring it should be based upon a motion, not insinuated in a question. Hereupon Sir Henry Wolff moved the adjournment of the House, whilst he explained that he did not mean to attack the Admiral but the Government, whom he accused of deceiving Parliament by issuing public instructions to the Admiral and countermanning them by secret injunctions. This, it will be understood, scarcely mended matters. It brought up Mr. Gladstone with an indignant protest against wanton and wilful assertions of this kind without the slightest shadow of testimony to support them. Mr. Goschen sternly protested against the proceedings of a little knot of gentlemen, regardless of the interests of the country, or the effect abroad of conduct the importance of which foreigners were not able to measure by consideration of the personal weight of members exhibiting it. Sir Stafford Northcote, with generous instinct, tried to say something for Sir Henry Wolff, but he could not manage very well, and concluded by gently suggesting that a motion for adjournment was not the best way of raising a question that could be discussed only when papers were before the House. Finally, the discussion drifted into the hands of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, who spoke amidst hilarious noises.

It is, as Mr. Goschen suggested, much to be feared that the scene will be misinterpreted abroad, where the complications connected with the necessity for shelving the Local Option debate and Mr. Stansfeld's Bill are not likely to be mastered. Amongst the Leaders of the Opposition and the great bulk of the party the episode was deprecated as trifling away opportunities for criticism of the foreign policy of the Government, for which it is well known they are preparing. The principal use of the incident is to supply fresh proof of the necessity of reform of Procedure. If the new Rules had been in existence Sir Henry Wolff would have found himself prohibited from moving the adjournment at question time, and the scandal would have been averted.



MADAME RISTORI's appearance in the character of Queen Elizabeth in her countryman Giacometti's rather tedious historical drama, is only new to her English admirers by reason of the fact that, instead of playing the part in the original Italian, as she has done on the occasions of her previous visits, she plays it now in English. It is a performance of great power and beauty, in spite of the author's rather too obvious sacrifices to theatrical effect; but it certainly gains nothing from the substitution of English for Italian words. Madame Ristori's English is wonderfully good for an Italian lady; but in hurried and impassioned passages her accent does not get better. It is, indeed, apt at times to render her utterances only half intelligible. On the whole, we fear it must be admitted that this rather tardy reappearance on our stage will not add to Madame Ristori's reputation among her old admirers. The young generation of playgoers, however, have been offered an opportunity of seeing the great Italian actress—not, indeed, in the prime of her beauty and power, but still in full possession of the old grace and profound knowledge of her art. The time of year has been unfavourable, and her audiences have, we regret to say, been somewhat thin. It should be borne in mind, however, that what would constitute an "overflowing house" at the Strand or Mr. Toole's theatre makes but a poor show in the vast circle of DRURY LANE.

One more theatre, it appears, is yet to be added to the long list of London playhouses. The new house, for which the ground is already acquired close adjoining the Grand Hotel, at Charing Cross, is to be built at once for Mr. Charles Wyndham, who it appears has severed for good his connection with the Criterion. On his return from the United States, Mr. Wyndham will appear in a farcical comedy at the new house, which is to be in Northumberland Avenue. Mr. Wyndham's new house is to have a double stage, after the fashion of the Madison Square theatre, in New York, by which contrivance it is said the voluble, versatile, and vivacious manager and actor (if we may be pardoned for this alliteration) will be enabled to dispense with those "waits" between the acts which are so wearisome to the spectators.

In connection with the new movement for promoting systematic instruction in the histrionic art, Mr. Boucicault has, at the request of Mr. Irving, undertaken to deliver a lecture on acting on the stage of the Lyceum on the 26th inst. Numerous persons interested in the stage have been invited to be present.

To-day Mr. Irving will give a morning instead of an evening performance of *Romeo and Juliet*.

THE GAIETY theatre, long given up to those exotic entertainments which the management is accustomed to provide for in the summer, has this week returned to that "plain English" in which Mr. Hollingshead especially delights. A revival of Messrs. Stephens and Solomon's comic opera *Billie Taylor* is for the present the chief item in the bill. It is admirably played by a very efficient company—including Mr. Bredon, an American tenor of some celebrity, who resumes the leading part, played by him in New York for more than one hundred nights.

DRURY LANE re-opens on the 5th of next month with a romantic, domestic, spectacular, and "sensational" drama from the joint pens of Mr. Pettitt and Mr. Augustus Harris. The title is *Pluck; a Story of 50,000*l.**



THE TURF.—The clashing of many meetings last week seriously affected the sport at most of them, but that at Kempton Park, which did not conclude till the Saturday afternoon was certainly good, and the authorities there seem making a bold and successful bid for their share of the high patronage accorded to Sandown. This being the week immediately preceding Goodwood is generally considered, more or less, an "off" week; and Winchester is the only meeting which suggests a note or two. On the first day Cornest scored both in the Stewards' and Worthy Two-Year-Old Plate, and on both occasions started at remunerative odds. In the absence of Rookery, reserved doubtless for something better soon, T. Cannon, on his own filly Maharanee, won the Winchester Foal Stakes, beating a hot favourite in Hauteur. On the second day Sunbright, who had won the Winchester Open Hunters' Plate on Tuesday, added to his laurels by securing the Hampshire Hunt Stakes, beating seven other competitors. The Eighteenth Winchester Biennial Stakes were won by Clasher, who started with 10 to 1 against him in a field of four.—News comes from Hungary of the death of Cambuscan. He was the sire of the famous Kincsem, winner of the Goodwood Cup in 1878, who was perhaps the most wonderful mare that ever carried a saddle, as she won no fewer than fifty-four races, and was never beaten.

CRICKET.—Since our last notes the most notable event in the world of cricket, though not from a strictly cricket point of view, has been the annual match at Lord's between Eton and Harrow. At seven o'clock on Saturday Eton had still three wickets to fall, and so the game was "drawn." As Eton had 57 runs to make with their three wickets, it may fairly be said that the "draw" was in favour of Harrow.—Lancashire and Surrey have played a drawn game at Manchester, but it was all in favour of the former, as the latter had 206 to make to win with only four wickets. The Northern County was more fortunate with Middlesex, beating the Metropolitan County by nine wickets. The top scores were Mr. Hornby's 131 for Lancashire, and the Hon. A. Lytton's 75 for Middlesex. Sussex has unexpectedly beaten Surrey at the Oval by five wickets.—At Dewsbury, on Saturday, the match between Yorkshire and the Australians unfortunately resulted in a draw when the prospects of the former looked well if the game could have been played out. The Yorkshire first innings amounted to 129, but the Australians only got 141, and the Northerners in their second innings had made 64 with the loss of only one wicket. The new slow bowler, Peel, puzzled our visitors, dismissing in succession Spofforth, Giffen, Garrett, and Palmer. This week, at Bradford, pretty nearly the same eleven, without Peel, have had another bout with their antagonists, but were beaten by 47 runs.

AQUATICS.—On Monday last C. Brightwell and A. Rolfe rowed the Thames Championship course for 50*l.* aside. The odds of 6 to 4 were laid on the former at the start, and taking the lead almost from the beginning he won easily by six lengths.

LAWN TENNIS.—The final game for the Championship was played on Monday last between W. Renshaw, the holder, and his brother, E. Renshaw. The former won, in accordance with expectation, by six games to two. Over two thousand spectators were on the ground.



THE PROCEEDINGS AGAINST THE "FREETHINKER" for a series of alleged blasphemous libels were continued on Monday, and adjourned until Friday (yesterday). There are no fewer than eleven charges. Mr. Bradlaugh is now one of the defendants, and it is stated that if two convictions are obtained against him under the statute of William III., the effect will be, in addition to fine and imprisonment, to deprive him of all civil rights, and to disqualify him from sitting in Parliament.

THE SEIZURE OF ARMS IN CLERKENWELL.—Thomas Walsh, the man who had charge of the supposed Fenian Armoury in Clerkenwell, has at last been committed for trial for treason felony, in spite of the contention of his counsel that there was no evidence to support such a charge.

ALARMING DISCOVERIES.—On Saturday a vessel which put into Mount's Bay, Penzance, through stress of weather, was found to be loaded with thirty tons of dynamite, respecting the destination of which the master declared himself quite ignorant.—At Holywell early on Sunday morning a quantity of dynamite was exploded in the street, the effect being that some shop-windows were shattered.—On Friday last week an explosion occurred in a copper flue at a house in Derry Street, Gray's Inn Road, where, upon examination, some 200 revolver cartridges were found. The discovery led to a strict but fruitless search among the adjacent houses, which are chiefly inhabited by Irish people, and it turned out that the cartridges were the spoilt work of a young woman employed at Messrs. Eley's cartridge factory, who had hidden them there for fear of dismissal if her unskillfulness were discovered.

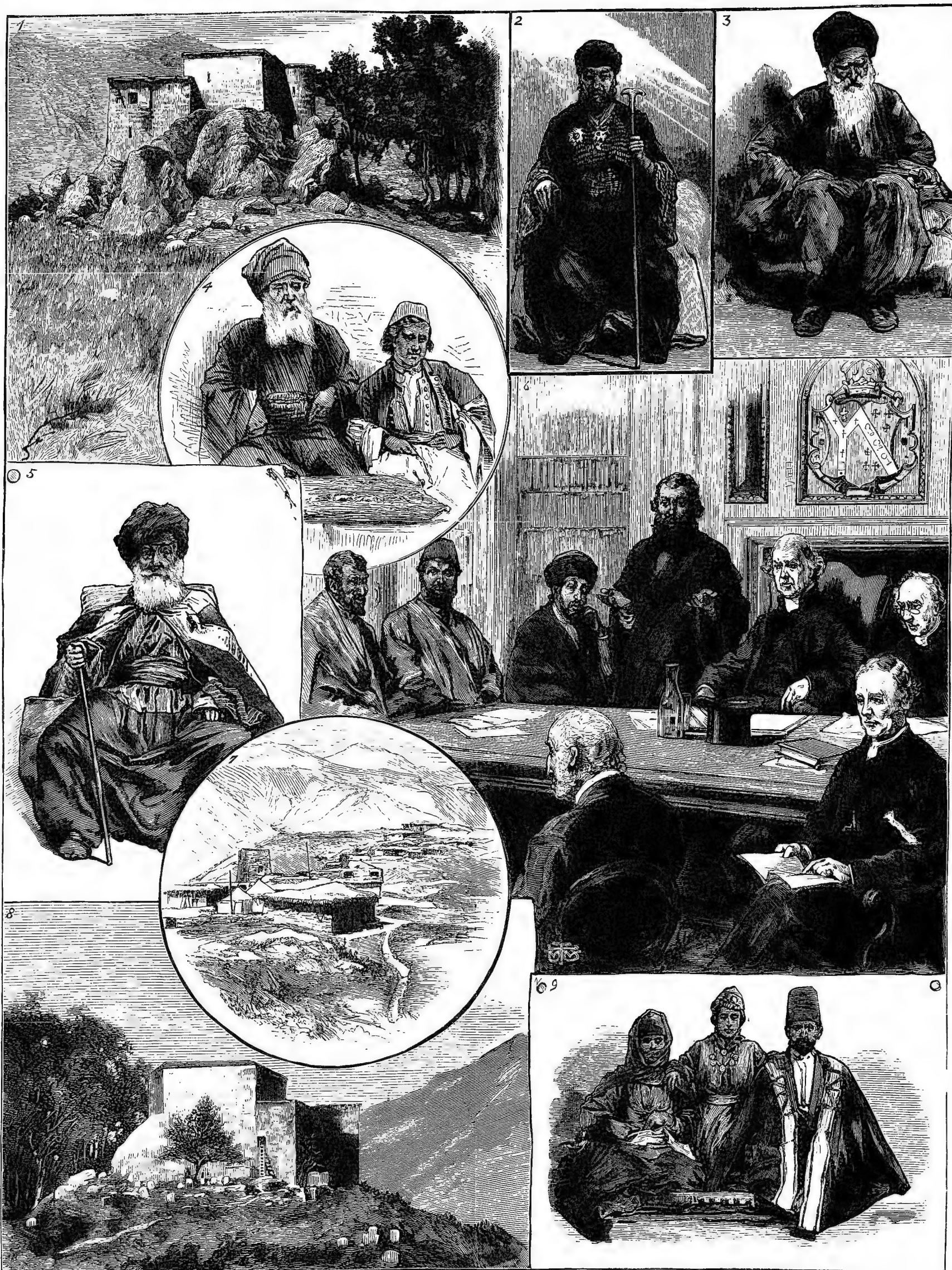
SEVERAL ACCIDENTS WITH FIREARMS are this week reported. At Islington on Friday, a lad of nineteen killed his sweetheart's mother with a revolver, which her son had foolishly left lying about loaded. At Framilade, in Gloucestershire, a farmer's daughter has been shot with a gun under precisely similar circumstances by a friend of the family, who was staying in the house. In Victoria Park the other day, two boys were playing with a pistol, firing it with matches instead of caps, when one of them was seriously wounded in the head and neck.

FRAUDULENT INCENDIARISM.—At Manchester a "gentleman of position" has been convicted of setting fire to a mill which he had insured for 4,925*l.* Another mill belonging to him had been twice burnt down, the insurance claim being paid upon each occasion.

A GALLANT POLICEMAN.—On Friday last week a would-be suicide jumped into the river from Waterloo Bridge, a height of forty feet to the water, but was immediately followed by Constable Jenkins, 223 E, who, though encumbered by his overcoat, succeeded in rescuing him, not, however, until both had sunk twice. Jenkins has been highly commended by the magistrate, and recommended to the Police Commissioners for a reward.

LEVEL CROSSINGS.—The Brighton Railway Company have been cast in damages to the amount of 5,000*l.* in respect of the death of a man named Davey, who was killed at the level crossing at Keymer Junction; and the owners of a colliery tramway at Flimby, in Cumberland, have been adjudged to pay 4,500*l.* as compensation for injuries sustained by a lady whose carriage was run into by an engine and train of waggons, and whose husband claimed 25,000*l.*

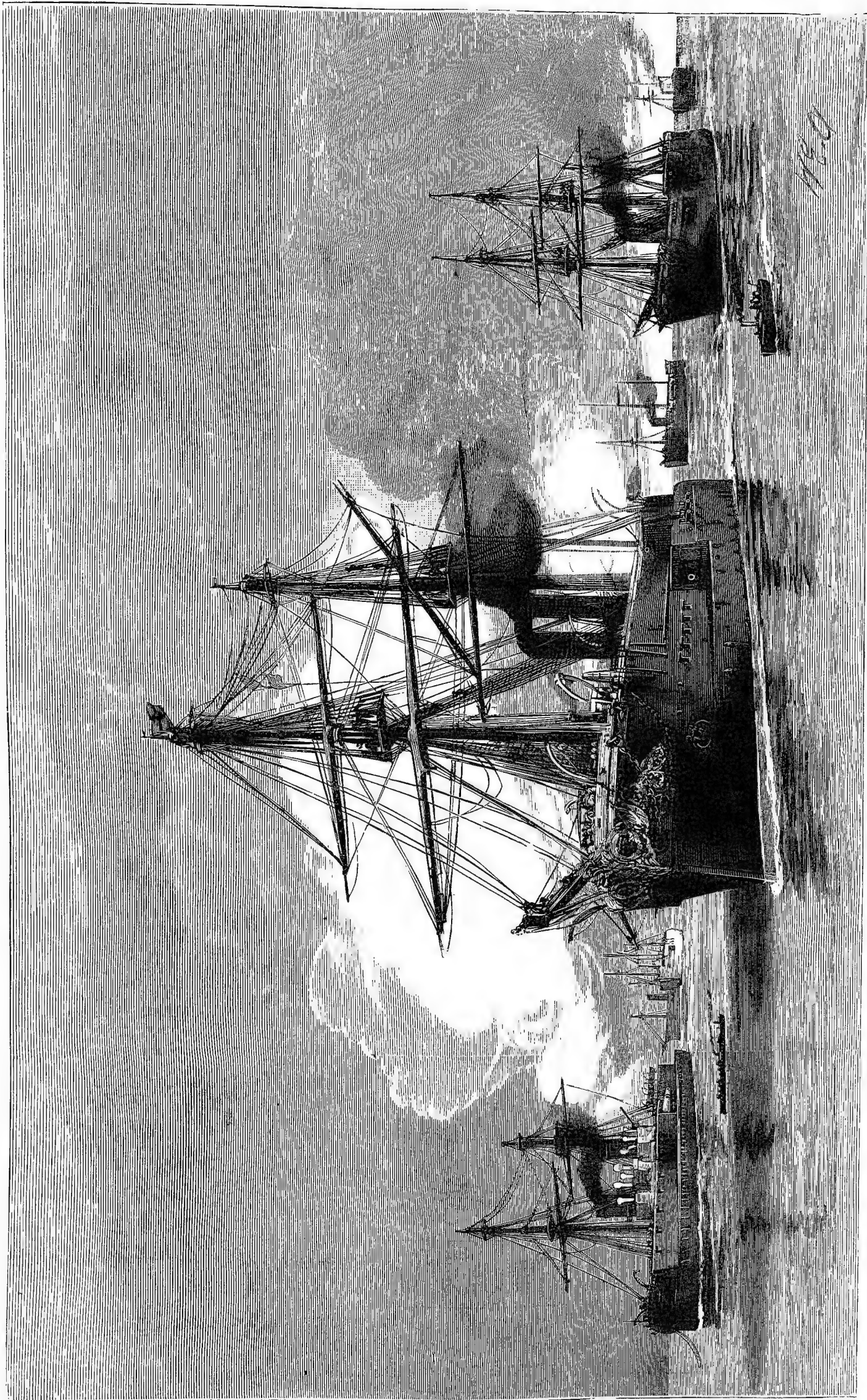




1. The Patriarch's Church at Kochanes, East View.—2. The Patriarch Mar Shimoor.—3. The Archdeacon of Tyari.—4. Benjamin and Isa, Father and Half-Brother of the Patriarch.—5. Nathan, the Patriarch's Uncle.—6. The Meeting at Lambeth Palace.—7. The Village of Kochanes.—8. The Church at Kochanes.—9. Persian Nestorian Priest and Ladies.

THE MISSION TO THE ASSYRIAN CHRISTIANS OF KURDISTAN





“Inflexible” (Turret Ship) “Penelope” (Broadside Guns) “Temeraire” (Barbette Turret Ship and Broadside Guns) Flag Ship, “Alexandra” (Broadside and Chase Guns) “Monarch” (Turret and Broadside Guns) “Sultan” (Battery, Broadside, and Chase Guns) “Invincible” (Broadside Guns)

“Inflexible” (Turret Ship) “Penelope” (Broadside Guns) “Temeraire” (Barbette Turret Ship and Broadside Guns) Flag Ship, “Alexandra” (Broadside and Chase Guns) “Monarch” (Turret and Broadside Guns) “Sultan” (Battery, Broadside, and Chase Guns) “Invincible” (Broadside Guns)

ALEXANDRIA—IRONCLADS WHICH TOOK PART IN THE BOMBARDMENT, JULY 11



The Subscription Lists WILL BE CLOSED on or before MONDAY, 31st July, for London and the Country.  
FIVE PER CENT. REAL PROPERTY INVESTMENT, REDEEMABLE WITH 27 PER CENT. BONUS.

# CASINO MUNICIPAL DE LA VILLE DE NICE

SOCIÉTÉ ANONYME DULY INCORPORATED IN FRANCE

(Under French Companies' Law of July, 1867).  
SHARE CAPITAL, £100,000 (4,000,000 francs). All Subscribed and Fully Paid Up.

SUBVENTIONS HAVE BEEN VOTED TO THE COMPANY:—

1. By the Town Council of Nice, annually, francs 85,000 for 80 Years, Total . . . . . 6,800,000 Francs.
2. By the Town Council of Hyères, annually, francs 12,000 do do . . . . . 960,000 Francs.

AUTHORISED DEBENTURE CAPITAL, £440,000 (11,000,000 Francs), BEARING 4 PER CENT. INTEREST, OF WHICH £190,000 HAS ALREADY BEEN PUBLICLY SUBSCRIBED ABROAD.

## ISSUE OF £250,000 DEBENTURES TO BEARER

(BALANCE OF THE ABOVE) IN 12,500 BONDS OF £20 EACH (Francs 500).

Messrs. MADDISON and CO. are Authorised to Offer for PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION the above 12,500 Debentures (of £20 each) at £15 10s. per Debenture payable:—

£1 0 0 . . . . .	On Application,
£7 0 0 . . . . .	On Allotment,
£7 10 0 . . . . .	One Month after Allotment.
<u>£15 10 0</u>	

Or the Balance of £14 10s. may be paid up in full on Allotment, under discount at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum.

The Debentures are Redeemable at Par, by Annual Drawings spread over a period of 80 Years, and the next Drawing will take place on the 1st of September, 1882.

Interest payable in London, at the Bankers of the Company, in sterling at 16s. per annum per Debenture, or in Paris, at the Offices of the Company, at 20 francs per annum, at Holder's Option, Half-yearly Coupons of 8 shillings (francs 10) being attached, payable 1st April and 1st October in each year.

At the price of issue the return to the Investor will exceed 5 per cent. per annum exclusive of the benefit derived from the Annual Drawings.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE COMPANY ARE:  
MM. le COMTE de TOCQUEVILLE, President, Proprietor, Paris.  
de PUYMORY, Proprietor, Paris.  
le BARON de CLAMECY, Proprietor, Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, Paris.  
le BARON de CASTILLON, Proprietor, Paris.

MM. le COMTE D'ADHEMAR de CRANSAC, Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, Proprietor, Paris and Nice.  
le MARQUIS de la BIGNE, Proprietor, Paris.  
G. de MONTFUMAT, Proprietor, Paris.

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MESSRS. NEWMAN, STRETTON, HILLIARD, and WILLINS, 75, Cornhill, London, E.C.  
BANKERS IN LONDON.  
LONDON and SOUTH WESTERN BANK, Limited, 7, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C., and BRANCHES.  
OFFICES OF THE COMPANY.—49, Rue Taitbout, Paris.

LONDON AGENCY: 31, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

## PROSPECTUS.

The Concession of the Casinos both at Nice and Hyères are exclusive; no similar Institution is in existence at either place, and both Municipalities are bound by their contracts not to authorise or permit any similar Institution during the period of 80 years, for which this Company's concession is granted. Under the laws of France gambling of any kind is prohibited.

Nice has now become so well-known in England as the winter resort of thousands of English and Americans, who yearly flock southward in search of a milder climate, that its institutions practically possess an international character; and it is believed that the present investment will commend itself to the notice of the large numbers of English investors acquainted with Nice, by whom its prospects of large and certain profits will at once be recognised.

The Company called "La Société Anonyme du Casino Municipal de la Ville de Nice" was duly incorporated in France in the year 1881, according to the Law of July, 1867, with the object of covering over the River Paillon at Nice, and utilising the land thus reclaimed for the construction of a Municipal Casino, and for building purposes, and with the further object of acquiring land and erecting public and other buildings in other towns.

For this purpose the Municipality of Nice has granted a subvention of 6,800,000 francs, payable by an annuity of 85,000 francs for eighty years, and the exclusive right for eighty years to carry on the "Casino Municipal."

The erection of the "Casino de Nice," and the covering over of the River Paillon are being actively proceeded with according to plans which have been accepted by the public authorities.

The Contracts for its erection and fitting up (for the due performance of which substantial guarantees have been provided) stipulate (under daily penalties in case of default) for its completion in December next.

This Casino will be superior to any similar establishment now existing on the Continent, and will be the largest in the world, covering an area of more than 10,000 square metres.

The Casino d'Hyères will, under similar guaranteed contracts for its construction, be completed in December, 1883.

The land acquired by the Company in pursuance of the concession granted by the Municipality of Hyères comprises 40,000 square metres between the town and the Jardin d'Acclimatation, and includes the Hotel de Parc, one of the best and most frequented Hotels in the town, now doing a good business.

About 20,000 metres of the land are devoted to the Casino and its grounds and annexes. The remainder is intended to be re-sold at a much enhanced price, consequent upon its proximity to the Casino.

The subventions have been duly and legally granted by the Municipalities of Nice and Hyères, and are an obligatory charge upon those respective towns.

### SECURITY.

The Debenture Council is, and by the resolution of the Board passed on the 14th June last, will remain the only charge on the whole of the freehold other property of the Company, including the Casinos, Shops, Hotel, and other buildings, occupying about 50,000 square metres, or nearly 12½ acres of ground in the very best part of the towns of Nice and Hyères, as well as the annual subvention from their Municipalities, viz:—

Nice . . . . .	85,000 francs per annum for 80 years.
Hyères . . . . .	12,000 francs per annum for 80 years.

Besides the guarantees mentioned, the payment of the INTEREST and BONDS DRAWN for THREE YEARS from date of this issue will be secured by a CASH DEPOSIT with the well-known CREDIT FONCIER OF FRANCE, whose Bons de Caisse (Deposit Note), payable on the due dates of the next six half-yearly Coupons, will be deposited in the hands of the LONDON and SOUTH-WESTERN BANK (Limited), 7, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C., thus making them practically an undoubted security, the period so provided for being greatly in excess of what is necessary to admit of both Casinos getting into full operation, and the Company into full receipt of its revenues.

## THE REVENUE OF THE COMPANY.

Annual Subventions from the Municipalities of Nice and Hyères, as above . . . . .	Francs. 97,000
Annual Rents receivable under the various Leases already entered into for the Buffets and Restaurants, Cercle Massena, Hotel du Parc, Cafés, Shops, Advertising Spaces, &c . . . . .	612,000
	<u>709,000</u>
Less sum required for the Annual Interest and Drawings in the Total Debenture Capital . . . . .	459,955
Surplus Balance . . . . .	249,045

Thus it will be seen that the present RENTS and SUBVENTIONS ALONE exceed by nearly £10,000 the requirements for the service of the Debentures, without taking into account the gradual increase in rent as the terms for which the leases granted progress, nor of the profits arising from the working of the Casino, which are estimated at more than £40,000 per annum (1,000,000 francs).

As regards the rate of interest and redemption, and the nature of the security, the Debentures resemble the "Obligations Communales," issued by the Credit Foncier of France, at 480 francs (£19 4s.) per Debenture, which form one of the standard investments of that country.

So large a part of the annual revenue of the Company being assured by the Municipal subventions, and by rents receivable under long leases, the Debentures now offered for subscription are exceptionally secured, and yield to the subscriber not only a Bonus profit of about 27 per cent., or £4 10s. per Debenture when redeemed, but in the mean time an interest of more than 5 per cent. per annum upon the amount invested, the whole being fully secured upon Municipal subventions and landed property of ample value.

In addition to a positive security, these Debentures present to English Investors the following advantages not ordinarily possessed by mortgages upon real property:—

1. Facility of realisation, by reason of the Debentures being for the comparatively small sums of £20 each, to bearer, transferable by mere delivery, without registration or other formality.
2. Easy collection of interest by means of the half-yearly Interest coupons attached to each Debenture, which are payable in London or Paris at holder's option.
3. Interest at more than 5 per cent. per annum, a much higher rate than can now be obtained upon good mortgage investments in England.
4. The Bonus of £4 10s. per Debenture, or £20 for every £15 10s. invested when each Debenture is drawn for redemption.

The Debentures will be delivered to the subscribers upon payment of the full amount of £15 10s. per Debenture. Failure to pay any instalments will render previous payments liable to forfeiture.

The formalities in the formation of the Company and the issue of the Bonds have all been duly and properly fulfilled. This question has been referred to an independent French Counsel of Eminence, M. Choppin d'Arnouville, who has certified that everything is in order in this respect.

The Statutes of the Company, copies of the concessions, and plans and drawings of the properties and buildings, with authenticated translations of the several leases, can be inspected at the Offices of Messrs. Newman, Stretton, Hilliard, and Willins, 75, Cornhill, London, E.C., Solicitors.

Prospectuses, with Forms of Application for Debentures, may be obtained of the London Agents, 31, Lombard Street, London, E.C.

20th July, 1882.

## CASINO MUNICIPAL DE LA VILLE DE NICE.

SOCIÉTÉ ANONYME DULY INCORPORATED IN FRANCE.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR DEBENTURES TO BEARER OF £20 EACH (500 FRANCS).  
Bearing 16 Shillings (20 Francs) Interest per Annum, at the Price of £15 10s. per Debenture.

## ISSUE OF £250,000 DEBENTURES

NO. \_\_\_\_\_

TO THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN BANK (Limited), No. 7, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

I herewith remit the sum of £ \_\_\_\_\_, being a Deposit of £1 per Debenture upon Debentures of the Société Anonyme Casino Municipal de la Ville de Nice, for which number of Debentures I hereby apply, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number, and to make the remaining payments of £14 10s. per Debenture in accordance with the Prospectus dated the 20th July, 1882.

Name in Full \_\_\_\_\_

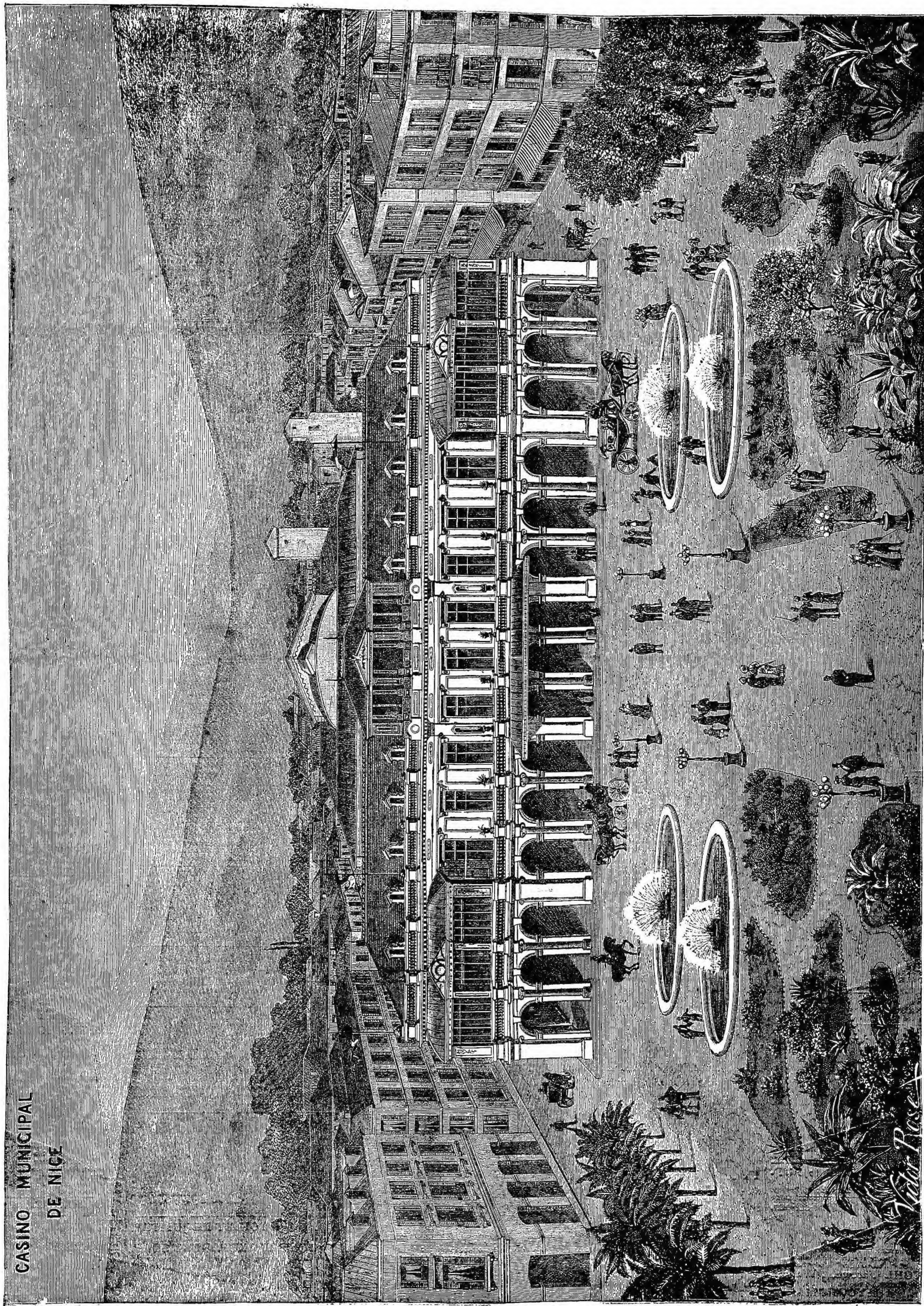
Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_ July, 1882.





CASINO MUNICIPAL  
DE NICE

CASINO MUNICIPAL DE LA VILLE DE NICE

*V. de R.*



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Gee Up! Polka. D'Albert.  
Nearest and Dearest Waltz. D'Albert.  
Patience Waltz and Quadrille. D'Albert.  
Olive and Lancers and Polka. D'Albert.  
Drink, Popsy, Drink, Polka. D'Albert.  
Les Sauterelles Polka. Delbruck.  
Visions d'Amour, Valse. Luke Wheeler.  
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The Lock of Raven Hair. Mrs. Arthur Goodeve.  
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My Fairer Child. A. H. Behrend.  
(Sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd).  
AEI (Evermore). A. H. Behrend.  
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Janatha. Valse Brillante.  
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Jules de Sirat. Handelian Dance.  
G. I. Rubini. Odetta.  
G. F. Kendall. Margery.  
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